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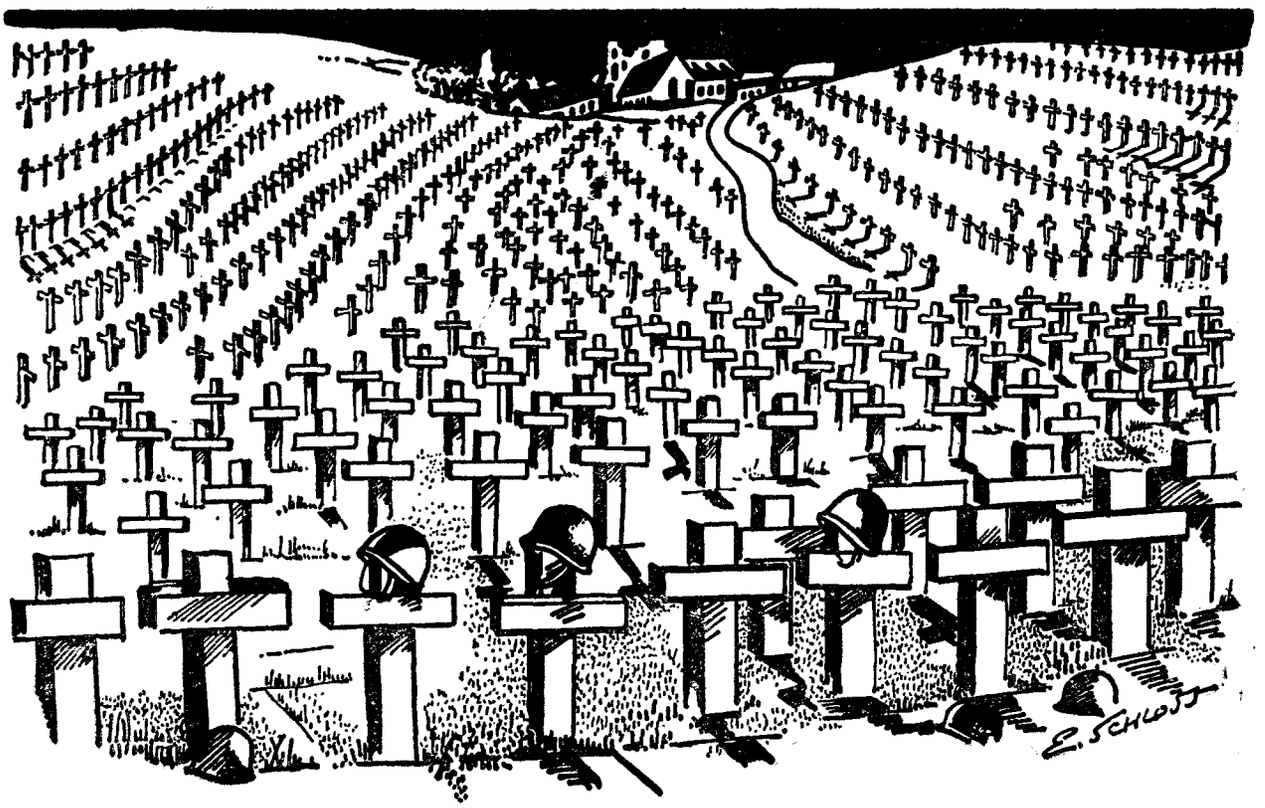

They can't vote!

The Veto: Romulo v. Lange

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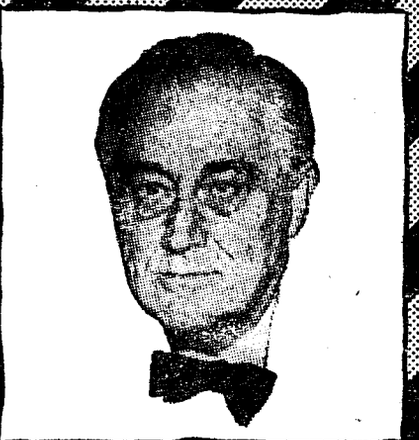
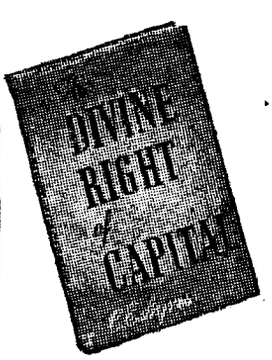


NOTHING to FEAR

"One who has heard Roosevelt over the air — and most of us heard him many times — cannot read the words in this book as mere ink on paper. They are audible. They bring back the circumstances under which they were listened to: the neighbor's radio blaring into the street, and for once not resented; the tense group at an evening party, laying aside untasted drinks as the voice warned Hitler not to come into the Western Atlantic; the stillness in a home as the jazz music stopped and a President prayed before the nation. The speeches will mean these things, or things like them, as long as we of this generation survive." *New York Times* **$3.75**

The DIVINE RIGHT of CAPITAL

By C. E. AYRES



The New Yorker —

A brilliantly thought out and unconventional analysis of our capitalist system as it exists in a wobbly world, together with a program that suggests how capitalism can be saved from the capitalists. The title might induce a Morgan partner to buy the book, but it's very unlikely that he would enjoy it much.

Chicago Sun —

Ayres does provide a positive system of economics as well as a stimulant to certain modes of economic action ... To a controversial this is an original and provoking addition. **$3.00**

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 115, NO. 18 NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1946 NUMBER 1666

It's That Man Again

JOHN L. LEWIS is never the man to squeeze a trigger with only one target in range. In his present operation, as always, if he should miss one bird, a couple of others just as good will drop into his bag. If Soft Coal Administrator Krug agrees to negotiate with him on November 1, Lewis will present the electorate with the spectre of a coal strike some 20 days hence. Lewis can then expect a sizable part of the electorate, much as it hates him, to be swayed by the strike threat and vote against the Democrats.

If, on the other hand, Krug stands firm, Lewis will have a chance to start the strike on November 1, rather than three weeks later, and can count on the voters reacting as in the first instance, only more so. In addition, he can cherish the hope that for once the West Virginia and Kentucky miners, notably deaf to his anti-Roosevelt plea in 1940, will be sufficiently angered by Krug's resistance to vote Republican. They can thereby defeat Kilgore and Brown for the Senate and seven or eight Democratic candidates in close House races.

Finally, Lewis has another objective in a different political arena, that of AFL-CIO rivalry. If by negotiation or by strike he can be the first to set the national pattern for the second-round wage increases, he will thus steal the honors from Philip Murray. Indeed, Lewis certainly expects to do even better than that. Such are the realities of AFL-CIO politics that if the figure Lewis achieves is the maximum within economic reason, Murray may be euchred into striving for something just over the line and impossible to attain. The resulting strikes and anti-labor legislation would be more hellish for the CIO than the AFL.

Lewis' opportunity to pull a strike before election was afforded him by Krug, who replied to Lewis' demand for negotiations on a new contract with the word that the existing agreement could not be reopened. Such an interpretation breaches and voids the contract, Lewis replied. No negotiations on November 1 means no contract, and no contract means no work, was the implication. Krug might well have ducked the whole issue of whether or not the contract could be reopened by confining his reply to Lewis to a simple statement that he or his deputy would meet Lewis on November 1 or any other time. Then he could have stalled for five days on whether he was opening the contract or not. But he played it the other way, giving Lewis an opening for a strike before the election but at the same time giving the Administration a gorgeous opportunity. In their most hopeful dreams, the Democrats could not have thought of any device so promising to convert an expected thrashing into a thumping Democratic victory. If skillfully handled, Lewis' Republican scheme can be made to smash him.

THE POLICY to be followed is simply for the Administration to jump on Lewis with both feet, forgetting all other issues except the cheap political trick in which he is indulging. Then, if he provokes a strike by voiding the contract, legal action of the most drastic sort is available. Nothing would gather in the votes so quickly or build Democratic capital so surely as vigorous application of that legal action.

The Administration has a golden opportunity to reveal Lewis as the kind of politician he really is. O. John Rogge's suppressed report is tailored to measure. It flays Lewis alive and nails his hide to the barn door. With superb documentation, it links Lewis with iron chains to the oil promoter, the late William R. Davis, and to his German-concocted peace proposals. It shows how Lewis intervened for Davis at the White House, as an emissary bringing a Goering peace plan, and how Lewis broached it directly to the President and to A. A. Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State.

No administration could ask for better ammunition to shoot a more perfect sitting duck, especially just before election. Will the Administration use it? Almost certainly not. For last weekend, Attorney General Clark fired Rogge from his job as his Special Assistant, proving that the axiom that "you don't shoot Santa Claus" is not always true.

Rogge was fired, it appears, with the consent of the President and probably because he tried to show up Harry's old colleague, Senator Wheeler. Clark, not Hannegan, is the man from whom the President takes political counsel. It is difficult to conceive of an adviser whose political judgment is worse. If one exists, however, it is certain that Truman, with his present lust for incompetents, will turn to him unerringly.

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Should the Veto Be Curtailed?

No!

by Oscar Lange
Polish delegate to the UN

THE CHARTER of the United Nations gives a special position to the five great powers, namely the United States, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, France and China. This special position is attested by permanent seats on the Security Council and by the provision that in all matters of substance the concurrent vote of the five permanent members is necessary to carry a resolution. Furthermore, the five permanent members of the Council form a Military Staff Committee which is charged with organizing armed forces to be placed at the disposal of the United Nations. Finally, revisions of the Charter require the unanimous concurrence of the five big powers. Thus the Charter established the *principle of unanimity* of the big powers as a fundamental part of the organization of the United Nations.

This principle of unanimity has been the subject of much criticism. It has been argued that it is incompatible with the equality of all participating states, that it is directed against the interests of the small nations. These criticisms seem to me entirely unfounded. It is only natural that a government representing 140 million people has a different influence from one which represents only one million. For both to have exactly the same influence would create a privilege for smaller states rather than assure their equality. The real interests of the small nations consist not in such formal matters as voting procedure, but in the successful organization of a United Nations which can maintain international peace and security and give effective protection to any nation, great or small.

An effective organization to this end requires the coöperation of the big powers. This is true because these states alone have the means of guaranteeing that the decisions of the United Nations as a whole will be carried out. But in order to assure the success of the United Nations the five permanent members of the Security Council must agree *among themselves*. No big power can be expected to act upon a decision which it does not itself approve. The unity of these powers, therefore, becomes the foundation on which a successful international organization must rest. And this foundation has been embodied in the Charter in the form of the principle of unanimity.

The voting provisions of the Security Council have another important function. As is already indicated, cooperation and unity of the great powers are necessary for the success of the United Nations. This unity would be endangered if the machinery of the United Nations could be used by some of the great powers to form a coalition against another great power. For the formation of such coalitions is discouraged or can be undone by the great power against which they may be directed through its use of the so-called right of veto. This right of veto is an insurance that the United Nations will not deviate from its original objective. To amend the right of veto now would open the gate to such possibilities and might undermine the very purposes and existence of the UN.

This same principle of unanimity also serves as a means of educating the great powers to the urgent need for coöperation among themselves. Since each of the permanent members of the Security Council knows that no decision of substance can be made without the agreement of the other four, they must all arrive at the conclusion that coöperation is necessary to attain any practical results.

In this way the required concurrence of the big five acts as a school of mutual understanding. It is a practical demonstration of the great responsibility which rests upon them and which no change in legal provisions can abolish or even diminish. This responsibility is twofold. The veto power should not be used to block legitimate action of the United Nations. On the other hand, however, there must be no attempt to force a showdown of votes designed to put one of the powers into the awkward position of having to use a veto.

It is true that the big powers have not always measured up to this responsibility. But I have no doubt that experience will teach them to do so. They are all committed, in their own interests, to the cause of peace and of the United Nations. The requirements of unanimity among the permanent members of the Security Council will accelerate the development of their sense of duty to the world.

Yes!

by Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo
Philippine delegate to the UN

THE MAIN ARGUMENT against the veto privilege of the big powers is that it is inconsistent with the principle of sovereign equality. It is "undemocratic" to the extent that it permits one of these powers to outvote the 10 other members of the Security Council on substantive matters except where it is itself party to a dispute. It is obvious that this privilege lends itself to abuse. It can be employed in the stubborn defense of one-sided policies, thus preventing constructive action on urgent matters falling exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Security Council. Moreover, one of the big powers may block the ratification of an amendment to the Charter duly adopted by the Assembly.

On the other hand, it is an illusion to argue that the big powers should have no more influence than the small nations in the making of decisions vitally affect-

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ing the peace of the world. The argument that the big powers should be clothed with authority more nearly commensurate with their greater responsibility for the maintenance of peace has the sanction of reason and practical wisdom. It is not "democracy" to insist that the one vote of a nation of 200 million shall count for no more, in all cases, than the one vote of a nation of five million.

The admitted preponderance of the big powers was written into the Charter of the United Nations in recognition of the well known fact that an ideal solution is not always a practical one and that what is morally desirable is not always politically feasible. But the principle was accepted as a compromise necessitated by the circumstances prevailing at the time, on the assumed condition, one might say, that we would advance from that position as experience might dictate.

Recent experience, in my opinion, clearly warrants a reëxamination of the veto privilege. The Soviet delegation, in consenting to the placing of this question on the agenda of the General Assembly, has at least shown its willingness to submit it to discussion in open debate. This is a significant concession.

It may be prudent, at this moment, to seek a new compromise on the veto privilege. Such a compromise should establish a better balance between the admitted preponderance of the big powers, on the one hand, and the principle of sovereign equality of all the member nations, on the other. To this end, the Philippine delegation to the General Assembly would favor an amendment to Paragraph 3, Article 27, of the Charter, so that decisions of the Security Council on all substantive matters shall be made by the affirmative vote of seven members, including the concurring votes of at least three of the permanent members.

At the United Nations Assembly there is a story about an American Senator who was introduced to Julian Huxley, Acting Director of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. The dialogue ran about as follows:

Introducer: Senator Blank of the United States, meet Dr. Julian Huxley, of UNESCO.

Senator: Who did you say?

Introducer: Dr. Huxley, of UNESCO.

Senator: Pleased to meet you, Dr. Huxley. I've always had the greatest admiration for Unesco, that small but gallant country which fought so bravely for its freedom.

Curtain

Report from the Coal Mines

Charleston, West Virginia

WHAT THE MINERS think about a strike at this particular time is a purely academic question. Some reports indicate that sentiment is against it; others indicate that the miners are pretty well agreed that the government has not dealt fairly with them under the contract and that a strike is necessary. But if John L. Lewis declares the contract void, no coal will be mined. Whatever the miners think about Lewis' politics—and experts in West Virginia do not expect them to be much more impressed by his political advice this year than they have proved themselves to be in the past—they do not question his leadership and decisions in union matters. "No contract—no work" is their first and controlling policy. Regardless of how many may question the advisability of a strike and regardless of how many are convinced that contract termination at this time would be a political move to which they are not sympathetic, the fact remains that no coal would be mined.

The miners are not too well satisfied with government operation under the existing contract. The chief complaints are (1) delay in putting the welfare program into operation, (2) use of carloading weights instead of tipple weights as the basis for calculating the welfare-fund payments, and (3) unilateral contract interpretation by the coal administration—a real grievance in the miners' minds, stressed as such in every local meeting. Miners are convinced that the contract has been interpreted and applied by men "sitting in Washington offices" who are not sufficiently familiar with coal mining and consult neither miners' representatives nor the operators in arriving at their decisions.

It is extremely difficult to estimate the effect on the miners of recent revelations concerning Lewis' political activities prior to Pearl Harbor. Drew Pearson's "Merry-Go-Round," which broke the story of Lewis' collaboration with the Nazis against Roosevelt, is carried by 13 newspapers in the state, five of which are published in coal-mining centers. Since the miners read Pearson, and since they read everything about John L., it is safe to assume that they are aware of the charges made. A few have even noted the coincidence between this unfavorable Lewis publicity and the contract uproar that Lewis has precipitated. However, it is certain that the facts in John Rogge's report to the Attorney General on Lewis' Nazi tie-up will have no effect on a strike call and very little on miners' votes on November 5.

Prominent Republicans are privately admitting that Senator Harley Kilgore cannot be defeated for re-election unless there is a coal strike. If that happens, they hope to pick up enough anti-strike votes in non-coal areas in West Virginia to elect Tom Sweeney, the Republican candidate.

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Runaway Prices

THE END of price controls on food last week finally swept into the discard the system by which the government prevented a runaway in food prices during four and a half years of war and transition.

The runaway started last June 30, when Congress refused to renew an effective price-control law. Although it slowed down a little when the alarmed government again tried to apply a check by recontrolling the prices of meats and fats and oils, it picked up full speed when the President was forced to abandon all meat controls on October 14. Controls on fats and oils went two days later, and within a week the OPA had to abandon all controls except the ceilings on sugar and rice. The former was kept to protect sugar rationing, and the latter to save the rice set-asides for essential export purposes.

Some of the returns are now beginning to come in. From June 28, the last day of trading under the old Price Control Act, to October 24, two days after all food controls were dropped, the general index of commodity prices rose 31 percent. In the first 10 days after meat decontrol, the jump was 6.6 percent. Thus commodity prices have gone up nearly one-third in less than four months.

The prices of 12 key foodstuffs zoomed 50 percent in the same period—June 28 to October 24. Butter went up 48 percent on the spot markets; lard, 178 percent; coffee, 76 percent; steers, 55 percent; beef, 150 percent; and pork shoulders, 126 percent. Not all of these increases have yet been reflected in retail prices. In many stores meat prices doubled. Steak was widely sold for 90 cents to $1 a pound. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported last week that round steak was 15 to 25 cents a pound higher than the peak reached during the July-August decontrol period. The BLS also found a top price of $1 a pound for butter in seven large cities. Shortening went up three to 15 cents a pound in the first week of decontrol.

During the long fight last spring over the Price Control Act, Chester Bowles repeatedly warned that meat prices might rise as much as 50 percent if controls were removed. The answer of business was that there might be a temporary spurt of 10 or 15 percent, but that prices soon would settle down to "reasonable" levels.

Business still is telling increasingly restive consumers that prices will "adjust" themselves. On the other hand, the same government experts who were right before see no prospect of any substantial decline in prices in the next six months, short of a general economic crash.

Things to Watch Out For

India will surprise many people by sticking close to Great Britain when independence is finally achieved. In fact, there is a very strong possibility that the Indian government will choose dominion status. The biggest surprise of all, however, is coming to those who have thought of the Congress Party as being the liberal political party.

The serious trouble now brewing in Korea will be generally blamed on the Russians. The truth is that our military men are not getting on at all well with the Koreans themselves. The much needed unification of our zone with the Soviet zone to the north is still blocked by Russian refusal to deal with certain political groups whose views we take seriously.

Democratic lame-ducks will find 1946 the best hunting season in years. Harry Truman, the former member of the most famous gentlemen's club in the world, is holding back on many available appointments until after the election. Among the eligibles, in addition to Robert La Follette and Burton Wheeler, will probably be Joseph Guffey and James Mead. There will be new openings after election, too, when administration members like Postmaster General Robert Hannegan leave Washington for better-paying positions.

Democratic National Chairman Hannegan will definitely resign his position by January 1. His most loyal supporters in party circles favor the appointment of his present assistant, Gael Sullivan, to succeed him both in the Post Office Department and in the national committee.

Meat prices will go some but not much higher between now and spring, always provided there is not a general economic crash before.

Prices on 12 of the most important foodstuffs will remain at least at the present high level until spring. This means that the 50-percent increase which has occurred since June 28 will continue as the consumers' regular tribute to the profiteers.

Prices will rise another 10 percent when controls go off most clothing about December 1. There is no estimate on the expected price rise in furniture when it is released from control at the same time.

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Washington Wire—"New World A-Coming"

THIS COLUMN is written this week from the Assembly of the United Nations. Your correspondent, who has reported the American House and Senate for 25 years, is reporting the parliament of man. After a quarter-century in the capital of the United States this itinerant column is taking a flier at the capital of the world.

There is a long wet approach, swinging through mysterious viaducts and finally over a bridge with the sign "Welcome to Queens, Borough President James A. Burke." Two years ago we came this way taking that final tragic-heroic campaign trip through New York, with Franklin Roosevelt in the rain and snow in an open car up front. Now, suddenly, we are driving over the "meadows," for generations the dumping place of New York's burning refuse heaps—then, finally, here is the World's Fair site. Why, we know this spot! Hasn't somebody told us that the UN Assembly is right across from the old Trylon and Perisphere? Or have they told us? Solemn-faced people have been trying to tell us and the world for a long time now about the United Nations. But we, like millions of others, can't seem to grasp it. We yawn, and skip the columns in the newspaper. The problem of translating this awe-inspiring conception into mental images that the average citizen can understand is perhaps the hardest and most important job any publicity man ever tackled. Suddenly for us the abstraction of the UN Assembly takes life. We are looking right down on it, and we are gasping. The challenging, the awe-inspiring, thing is not what the Assembly is, but what it is trying to become.

It isn't like the Senate, it isn't like the House. It is as big as the Philadelphia convention hall that nominated Roosevelt, but it isn't like that, either. Let's start again. It's an immense room that used to be a skating rink. Now it is decorous, vast and carpeted. Its floor space must be half an acre. It looks like the biggest high-school auditorium you ever saw. Yes, a super high-school auditorium—and besides that the town meeting of the world.

Actually there aren't many more seats than in the House of Representatives, about 500, but here they are large and leather-backed and take three times the space. There's a big gallery in back, where we are sitting. (In the House and Senate the gallery is in front, and Congress faces it.) On the sides there's a double row of bulging windows, somehow like portholes of a ship, through which radio, motion-picture and television men peer at us, working in a queer, greenish, underwater illumination of their own. Up in front is the lofty rostrum, rising in three high levels, the first for clerks, the second for the speaker (with a couple of translators on either side) and the third where sit the three presiding officers: Trygve Lie (Norway), Paul-Henri Spaak (Belgium) and Andrew Cordier (American).

It's not what they say that suddenly impresses you, it's that they are saying it. Spokesmen for Chile, Norway, Liberia and Turkey discuss the veto power in succession. The signs on the first row of tables under them read, "United Kingdom," "United States," "Uruguay," "USSR," "Venezuela." The whole world is here, filling the hall. The odd thing is how normal they all look. There are one or two vivid native costumes, but most of these folks stepped out of Macy's, or at any rate, Brooks Brothers. Maybe that's what our new set of conceptions is struggling with; here are all the peoples of the earth and they look like Americans. . . .

This Assembly isn't a legislative body. It can't pass laws. Real power lies in the Security Council of big nations. But this body holds the purse strings, elects new members and has a lot of duties. Above all, it is the world forum.

We can't guess how Abayomi Cassell, the Liberian delegate, now talking, feels about it, but we think he should be excited. Here is created a place where Liberia can blow off steam. Who can say if there is a conscience of the world? But at least there is now an international soap-box from which even the smallest of states can reach the ears of all mankind.

The first intimidating strangeness wears off for the Washington correspondent. He greets dozens of American and British reporters. Earlier, good old Warren R. Austin, who grows the best apples in Vermont, has pulled him down to chat about Senate days. And queer, half-guessed analogies pop up. This business on the floor now, all the members wanting to make speeches for the record; that is like members of the House telling their viewpoints when they are debating a "rule." The real work here, as in Congress, is apt to be done in committee. But there still will be electrifying speeches that will ring around the world. We note a time-saving procedure with approval: a delegate speaks in his native tongue, but microphone translation is omitted because advance texts in French and English have already been distributed. We note some members reading newspapers. Takes us back to the old Senate! Yes—we think we understand this body.

The sense of internationalism is cumulative. They are chatting in French at the sandwich bar. Besides the three American press associations, the corridor carries shingles for Reuters, France Presse, Tass and the Chinese News Agency. In competitive booths are all the radio and cable services of the world. No broadcasting system has been omitted, from Yankee Network to BBC. At reporters' typewriters are cable forms of every style. It reminds you somehow of the vast London University underground SHAEF headquarters. As in Quebec, signs are in two languages, from "Gallerie de la Presse" to the more humble "Messieurs."

Well, well. This is the oddity that has replaced Trylon and Perisphere. This is the little flower of man's hope that blooms precariously where New York once burned its refuse.

Flushing Meadow T. R. B.

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Political Roundup—The Final Odds

THE PRIVATE GUESSES of both parties now give the Republicans 10 more House seats than the estimates of a month ago. At that time, the Republicans, who need 25 more seats to win control of the House, were actually counting on winning between 20 and 30, their exorbitant claims to the public notwithstanding. The Democrats were counting on breaking even, holding close to their present majority of 239, plus two Democratic vacancies. Today the Republicans expect to win between 30 and 40 new seats and the Democrats are conceding that they will lose at least 10.

The Democratic and Republican handicappers agree that the Republican gains last month grew out of the meat shortage. And they also agree that those gains would have developed into a Republican landslide if President Truman had not decontrolled meat. Now the Republicans are smiling happily over the prospect of John L. Lewis' threatened election-eve coal strike, which they fondly believe will start a real landslide for them.

The greatest fear of the Democratic Party chiefs is that they will be frozen out of the plans for handling the mine crisis as they were in meat. Truman, disregarding the fact that it was a matter of top political policy, turned the drafting job of his meat speech over to Clark Clifford, the St. Louis lawyer who sits at his right hand in the White House these days, but who can scarcely be classed as even an amateur politician.

The Battleground. – As of last week, the dopesters' calculations showed that the battleground has narrowed down to 46 key congressional districts in 17 states, 34 Democratic and 12 Republican at present. This compares with the 63 districts in 20 states which both parties agreed last September might change hands in this election. The Republican gain in this one month is shown by the fact that in September the Republicans had 67 Democratic seats on their list of districts they might win. Last week they still had 65. In September the Democrats listed 56 Republican seats that they might possibly win. Last week that number had dwindled to 33.

The states to watch the most closely on election night, since they contain the largest number of doubtful districts, are Connecticut, California, Missouri, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania and Connecticut lead with six doubtful districts each. Ohio follows with five, and California, Missouri and New York with four apiece.

Connecticut is the only state in which it is agreed by both parties that every district is doubtful. Representative Chase Going Woodhouse (D), from eastern Connecticut's Second District, is probably the Democrats' best bet in the state this year—mainly, the professional politicians say, because she has done such an outstanding job of looking after her constituents' interests in Washington. The Republicans think that their best chance to pick up a seat in Connecticut is to oust Joseph Ryter, Representative at Large. Their candidate is Antoni Sadlak, who, they think, can ride in on the coattails of popular Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, Republican nominee for the Senate, since the outcome here depends largely on the success of the whole state ticket.

In California, Democratic State Chairman James Roosevelt is counting heavily on Henry Wallace's several appearances throughout the state to awaken enthusiasm among the party progressives there. The big California question marks are in districts where liberal and PAC forces are sorely needed for the hard work of getting the vote to the polls on November 5. The districts about which Roosevelt is doing the most worrying are: the Seventh, Oakland and Berkeley (formerly represented by John Tolan, who is retiring); the Sixteenth, Santa Monica (which Ellis Patterson gave up to run for the Senate); the Eighteenth, Long Beach (Representative Clyde Doyle, D); and the Twenty-third, San Diego (held by Representative Ed Izac (D), who has been put on the spot by the Wallace-Byrnes foreign-policy quarrel).

In Ohio, the Republicans are counting on the strong showing which John W. Bricker, Republican candidate for the Senate, is expected to make to bring in a full Republican congressional delegation as well. Perhaps the Democrats' best chance is in the Fifteenth District, now held by P. W. Griffiths (R), who is being opposed by Robert Secrest on the Democratic side.

In Missouri the Republicans are confident of taking both the Eighth (south and east-central Missouri) and the Eleventh (St. Louis) Districts, now held by Democrats. The Democrats expect to hold the celebrated Fifth District (Kansas City), with the President's personal candidate, Enos Axtell, and insist that they also have a chance to take the Second District (central rural Missouri) from Republican Representative Max Schwabe.

The Republicans evaluate their chances in the 65 Democratic districts they are out to win as "very good" in five, "good" in 35, and "fair" in 25. The Democrats, however, class two of these five "very good" seats as safe, and six of the 35 "good" seats as safe. And the Democrats concede the Republicans no chance at all in any but two of the 25 districts where the Republicans give themselves an outside chance or better. If the Republicans are right on this last classification, the national results will show the biggest Republican gains since 1938.

A Tip for Election Night. – Political old-timers are saying off the record that congressional results from New York City will be the real tip-off on the way the whole country will swing. If Democratic losses in the city—not to be confused with the whole state—can be held to two, or at the most three, seats, the Democrats stand a chance of holding the House by an eyelash. If the Democratic total of New York City seats falls as many as six below present strength, November 6 may well be one of the darkest days in recent Democratic history.

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Forum for Paradox

by Thomas F. Reynolds

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the United Nations began its work in the new world last week amid a series of discouraging paradoxes. These peacemakers should have been welcomed to New York with high enthusiasm by a people sick of war and all war means; yet the 400,000 who viewed the opening parade were apathetic, silent, almost hostile. When general debate began in the impressive assembly chamber on Flushing Meadow, the core of the opening statements dealt with matters beyond the circumscribed competence of the Assembly. President Truman came before the opening session with a statement of this country's high hopes and lofty ideals for peace; yet his message was premised on the bald confession that the great powers—the Big Four—have failed to find agreement and thus have failed the world in the preliminary quest for peace.

The delegates here are nervous and worried. They are looking over their shoulders toward the November 4 meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, hopeful that somehow Russia, Britain, France and the United States will resolve their differences and provide a platform on which the UN can plan to keep the peace.

The atomic stalemate between the United States and Russia is ticking off-stage like a time bomb capable of wrecking the best work that can be done here. The smaller nations are frustrated by the fact that while they can debate the veto right of the great powers, practically speaking there is little that can be done about it in the Assembly. The Assembly is about to witness the dissolution of UNRRA. The delegates feel deep in their hearts that if the great nations can't work together to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, prospects are not too good for coöperative work on issues with more political dynamite.

All this is raising in the minds of the 51 delegations the great question: why should this town meeting of the world conduct debate on issues which, largely, it has no power to resolve? Despite superficial pessimism, there is an answer to this question and a positive one. It lies in the marshaling of the moral force of the world through free and unrestricted debate in this world forum.

This force is already being felt, weakly perhaps, but yet positively. The United States was in no mood for compromise in the closing sessions of the 79 days of the Paris Peace Conference. Yet President Truman, in coming before this world assembly, felt constrained to talk in terms of compromise. The flicker of hope in his speech was made a trifle brighter by the quick comment of Molotov that the President's utterance was "a most splendid speech."

Then there was the quick Soviet shift of position in the General Committee away from the Russian move toward blocking debate on the veto question. The shift, of course, was in tactics, not in principle. There can be no doubt that Molotov and Vishinsky had considered a hard fight in committee to prevent the Cuban and Australian proposals for modification of Security Council veto rights from coming to the floor for debate. Yet Vishinsky finally felt impelled to make a conciliatory gesture in committee.

Much is going to be heard here about the misuse of the veto power; little is going to be done about it. The United States and Great Britain are annoyed and frustrated by the skillful and at times ruthless Russian employment of the veto weapon in the Security Council and in the Council of Foreign Ministers. But neither Byrnes nor Bevin is sufficiently annoyed or sufficiently frustrated to give serious consideration to actual evacuation of their own rights to the veto.

THE PARADOX OF THE VETO

All this was made emphatically clear almost while the arriving delegates were unpacking their bags. Before Philip Noel-Baker of Britain launched into his denunciation of Russia for misuse of the veto, he made the unequivocal statement that at this juncture his government is not prepared to entertain any proposal for amendment of the Charter that would lessen the effectiveness of the veto. And at the very outset of this meeting, official American spokesmen stated that the fundamental premise of the review of voting rights to be undertaken later by Senator Austin will be that there must not now be any amendment of the Charter on the rule of Big Five unanimity.

Here again is the paradox of the conference. It must not be forgotten that the veto was first of all an American invention created to appease such prewar isolationists in the Senate as Vandenberg. If Vandenberg is now angry at Soviet exploitation of the veto right, he apparently is not angry enough to renounce it for himself and his own country.

This fact of life will not contribute to American leadership in the long sessions to come as the Assembly works into its agenda. And it will combine with another factor which already is costing the delegation of the

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United States heavily in moral prestige: the failure of this country to be ready on opening day with a trusteeship plan for the former Japanese Pacific mandates.

That failure is proving somewhat embarrassing to the American delegates on the Trusteeship Committee. John Foster Dulles and Representative Sol Bloom are under instructions to press in committee for guarantees of an economic open door in the British trusteeship proposals for Tanganyika, Togoland and the Cameroons. They now are complaining that their suggestions will come with poor grace from a country which has not yet broken its silence on the future of the Pacific mandates which were seized from Japan.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Truman has not found the time to step in and order the Navy to give up its dream of grabbing some of the islands for a string of war bases. While the Navy and the President procrastinate, Russia—as at San Francisco—is seizing the role which could have been that of the United States for the taking. Vishinsky and Manuilsky of the Ukraine were able to comment sardonically in the General Committee last week that more than a year has elapsed since the San Francisco Conference and nothing concrete has yet been accomplished for the dependent peoples in whose behalf the trusteeship system was provided in the Charter.

The UN Stands!

by Philip Noel-Baker

We print below the chief passages from the opening speech of the British delegate to the United Nations Assembly, now in session, which is generally regarded as one of the most important statements on international policy yet made.

THE SUPPORT of governments for the United Nations far exceeds what was given to the League of Nations when it was first set up. I think it salutary that the peoples should know that this is true, for it is the most important single fact in world affairs. . . .

We have shown that the Charter and its institutions can be made to yield results. . . . We want to put the power and the faith of the Assembly behind the Councils, and the Commissions, and behind every member of the Secretariat.

But there are other tasks, less pleasant, but not less urgent, which we must face. . . .

[One] task is to throw the searchlight of our collective wisdom on the recent working of the Security Council; to ask ourselves what is really happening in that important body; to inquire whether any of us can be content, whether it serves anybody's interest that things should go on as they are going today? Let me say that my government does not think it wise to attempt, at this first Assembly, to amend our Charter. Whatever changes any of us would like to see, surely we agree that that course must be premature. We must try, first, to work the Charter, if only to discover, by experience, what is really wrong. But if it is not useful to discuss amendment, it is useful to discuss why there is already such widespread anxiety about the Council, why already there are such insistent demands that amendments shall be made. The Assembly cannot shirk this duty by appealing to the permanent members of the Council to mend their habits, to show more mutual trust, to avoid indulging in mere propaganda and, in general, to agree. That no doubt is admirable, but it does not carry us much further toward a real result.

I welcome much that the Secretary General said on this theme in his report. But, if I may say so with respect, he used some phrases which may be misunderstood. "The United Nations," he said, "was not equipped to act as a referee between the great powers." But if they have genuine and serious disputes which they fail to settle by bilateral negotiations, where should they discuss them if not in the Council? Can it be suggested that they should seek agreement outside the Council, as a separate and supreme directorate of their own? . . . It would be in flagrant violation of the Charter. The members of the Council don't represent their own governments alone; all of them, permanent or elected, represent the whole Assembly too. . . . Members of the Council are not free to do just what they please; they must fulfil the obligations which their membership involves; and they have another duty which the spirit of the Charter quite evidently implies. They must seek with all their power to reconcile their views. In practice this must mean two things. If a permanent member of the Council has a difference with another permanent, or indeed a non-permanent, member, it should seek the views of this other member before it places the question on the agenda for debate. No sensible man ever goes to court before trying at least to seek agreement before he goes.

The search for common ground must involve a little give and take. One permanent member who holds a certain view can hardly invoke the principle of unani-

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mity to demand that four others who take a different view shall conform to his. . . .

There has been what I would call, with all respect, a reckless use of the veto when it comes to voting in the Council. Consider what happened in a recent case. The Ukrainian delegate charged the Greeks and British with fomenting warlike incidents in the Balkans; he alleged that Greece was a menace to world peace. He laid his case before the Council; by nine votes to two the Council's verdict was in favor of Britain and Greece. But that verdict could not formally be recorded—the delegate of the Soviet Union imposed a veto. So far no real harm was done; the vote of nine to two cleared Greece and Britain with all impartial people throughout the world. But what followed then? Some members of the Council felt that the situation on the northern frontiers of Greece was really dangerous; they felt that an explosion might occur; that the Council ought to investigate the facts. They proposed, therefore, to send a Commission of Inquiry to the spot, to find out, on both sides of the frontier, what was going on. And what happened? Again the Soviet Union imposed a veto, vetoed an inquiry into charges which it itself had made. Again, the Council's will was frustrated by a single voice. . . .

How can the Council . . . seek to prevent breeches of the peace, how can it fulfil its task of settling international disputes in such a way that security and justice are not endangered, if it can't even make its own inquiries on the spot? All experience over many years has shown that this matter of free and impartial international inquiry is vital. A tribunal that can't do that will be quite useless as an instrument for settling disputes. Is that really what our Soviet colleagues want? We always understood that, in their opinion, the Security Council should play a most important part. But very soon, if this goes on, it will play no part at all. Who would take a genuine dispute before the Council if it were likely to be dealt with as in the Greek affair? . . . This is a grave issue, in which the rights of every member of this Assembly are involved. We can't amend the Charter; but there are other things which we can do. We can agree on new and wiser interpretations of disputed points; we can facilitate the Council's actions by improvements in its Rules of Procedure, we can bring a new spirit to the Council's work—as Mr. Gromyko said in London, we can "build a sound and creative atmosphere capable of securing the attainment of positive results. . . ."

The Issue of Atomic Energy

I come now to the . . . most important controversial question which . . . the Assembly should debate—I mean atomic energy. . . .

It is a valuable step forward that the scientific advisers of all the nations represented on the Atomic Energy Commission should have agreed on certain fundamental points. These scientists have made it clear that all stages of the processes of harnessing atomic energy are potentially dangerous; and they have agreed that on the scientific facts available there are no grounds for supposing that effective control of all these processes is not technically possible. With this body of agreed scientific information upon which to work, the Atomic Energy Commission can now make further progress with the task entrusted to it by the General Assembly, of ensuring that atomic energy is so controlled as to be employed for peaceful purposes alone, and of devising effective safeguards to ensure that there are no violations and evasions. . . .

It is now clear that there is no possibility of making atomic energy available to the world for peaceful purposes, with all the benefits that mankind could derive from it, without at the same time making atomic weapons equally available to any nation wishing to possess or use them. The raw materials, industrial processes, and the fissile products of these processes, are identical, whether they are required for peaceful industry or for weapons of war.

The Two Alternatives

The fundamental issue can, therefore, be quite simply stated. There are only two alternatives to a race in atomic armament, with all that this implies for the future of civilization. One is that the nations must be prepared to forbid not only the manufacture of bombs but also all the manufacture of fissile material. This must surely be dismissed, since it would mean that the great economic benefits which might flow from the peaceful use of atomic energy would have to be sacrificed. No industrial development of it could take place, no research could be devoted to its medical use, and the large body of scientific knowledge, which already constitutes one of the most remarkable feats of the scientific genius of man, would have to be laid on one side and renounced. And even so the world would not feel secure, since there would be no certainty that somewhere atomic research and development were not secretly being pursued and that somewhere on the earth's surface scientists and industrial organizations had not succumbed to the temptations offered by this new and devastating source of power to prepare a sudden overwhelming access of strength for their country or themselves.

The other alternative is for the nations of the world to agree to some system of international control. This would only be possible if all countries were willing to open their frontiers and permit freedom of access to the extent necessary to enable control to function. That is the simple issue which faces humanity.

The report of the Scientists' Committee points strongly to the conclusion that a system of international control will only eliminate fear and suspicion if it is so comprehensive that it covers all stages of the industrial

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processes. By this means alone can the people of the world be certain that atomic energy and the creative genius of scientists are directed into peaceful channels and that the menace of atomic warfare has been banished.

This, therefore, is the choice that confronts the Atomic Energy Commission and the world—complete international control of atomic energy for all purposes, with safeguards at every stage, and a determination on the part of nations to carry it out; or a renunciation of the use of atomic energy for any purposes whatever; or the present position, namely an atomic-armaments race. Both the latter alternatives involve the prospect of fear and suspicion dragging the world down steadily into chaos. . . .

If, in this supreme deliberative body, we can reach agreed conclusions . . . we may bring back our work into true perspective, and we may begin to dissipate the fear. Why do fear and despondency pervade the world today? Do peoples or governments still believe that, because we have differing social systems, war must come some day? Surely we put all that behind us when we signed the Charter. . . . The peoples think in terms, not of differing social systems, but of aggression against our common laws. . . . They cannot comprehend why governments find it so difficult to agree. They are longing for the end of fear. . . .

I hope that this Assembly . . . will hear the voice of these anxious, waiting men and women, who ask for rest and peace.

The Comedy of Cotton

by George Soule

THE CRY of American males for white shirts was one of the most pathetic sounds of our reconversion. It was scarcely to be classed with the cry of European and Asiatic children for bread. There was no real necessity to wear white shirts, even if one had to appear in a canary-yellow creation with a collar reaching halfway to the waistline, costing $8.79. Nevertheless, servicemen in particular are not to be blamed for wanting to get out of OD into something more formal at a reasonable price.

The story of what happened to men's clothing is not heavy tragedy. It is a comedy in which the heroes can eventually have the laugh on the villains. The first act opens in the days of the New Deal, when the farmers were in serious trouble. Prices of their products were far too low to give them a decent living. So the government went in for shoring up the prices as an emergency measure. What started as relief later became a permanent policy, and was extended to every group which could muster the political power to demand its share of the gravy. Prominent among these were the cotton interests of the South.

After various experiments, the government hit upon the policy of setting a minimum price for each of the various staple crops, and extending loans to the growers, against their produce, at a value sufficiently high to support this minimum price. Thus the cotton grower who could not sell at the minimum or above could get his money from the government, using the cotton as collateral. The cotton was then stored in a warehouse, with the idea that eventually it could be sold for enough to cover the loan. If this did not occur, however, the grower need never repay the loan and the government would be saddled with the cotton.

This might have worked nicely as a device to bridge over the differences between years of large crops and years of small ones. For that purpose it would have been necessary to keep the price low enough so that the supply would not continue to exceed the demand for a long time, through good years and bad. Here enters Villain No. 1. Southern politicians from cotton states made it their business to see that the price was boosted, regardless of consequences. This was good for election purposes, good for cotton dealers and speculators, and bad for any program to conserve soil or improve the lot of sharecroppers and renters by crop diversification and the production of more and better food.

In the case of cotton the policy was slow but sure suicide. In the good old days the United States was the chief source of the world's cotton; about half the crop was exported. But as the American price mounted, cotton growing spread in Brazil, Egypt, India, China, Russia and elsewhere. Exports shrank. Meanwhile the American price was kept high enough to encourage production, and stocks in American warehouses steadily increased. Obviously a crash was due sometime.

The war came instead of the crash. It was like a hormone injection for the senile cotton economy. Demand for everything, including cotton, soared. The cotton Senators and Representatives made the most of their opportunity and prices were boosted some more.

After victory, war demand was succeeded by the demand of returned veterans and clothes-hungry civilians. Ceiling prices were continued to prevent inflation. It was hoped that the textile mills, manufacturers and retailers would be content to get their profit from large volume at moderate prices. They were not. Here enters Villain No. 2. The mills channeled cotton into luxury goods on which higher ceilings permitted larger profits. Hence a shortage of plain white shirts of ordi-

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nary grades. Hence a shortage of linings and other essential materials which held up the finishing of suits, although suits were cut in large quantities. Hence not enough work clothing. Hence materials were diverted to women's dresses and suits, of the sort which could be sold for higher prices. This latter diversion included not only cotton goods, but woolens and worsteds as well.

Meanwhile a war was being waged between the OPA and the textile industries. The OPA tried to force them to set aside sufficient materials for the garments in short supply. Business interests tried to force the OPA to raise ceiling prices on these items, and also wanted to abolish the OPA. Nobody was sure which would win. The chance of higher prices led the cotton-manufacturing trades to hold back goods in the hope of selling them for more later.

This was not a conspiracy. The textile industry is highly competitive and any member of it would as soon cut his competitor's throat as the consumers'. Nor is it easy to judge the extent of holding up shipments, but a lot of people who ought to know charged that it was being done. Daniel Small of the Department of Commerce wrote on September 25, 1946, "Since the second quarter of this year there has been a general withholding and withdrawal of sales as mills and distributors continuously awaited OPA price adjustments." The textile trade paper, *Daily News Record,* reported on September 11 that warehouses for cotton textiles were overflowing and mills were shipping goods to manufacturers or finishers to be held in the mill's name until a higher price was fixed; then they would be transferred to the buyer.

Why the Market Went Bust

Here enters Villain No. 3—the cotton speculator. Fortunes had been made on the booming cotton market. Bull speculators apparently saw no reason why, with heavy demand and political influence, cotton prices should not continue to rise. There was no ceiling on raw cotton. They therefore kept on buying, and accumulated large holdings. When Congress passed the new price-control law in July it specified that the OPA must allow textile mills a certain margin above the price of raw cotton; prices were to be set monthly. Mills therefore had every incentive to produce heavily while waiting for further price boosts before selling.

One of these speculators was named Tom Jordan. According to an interviewer in the New Orleans *States,* Jordan said that five years ago he borrowed $300 and ran it up to $1,700 at a gambling table. Then he went into the cotton market and laid away a million the next year. Brokers estimated that Jordan made $10 million between 1941 and this fall. He once remarked, "There's nothing to making money in cotton. Anybody who wants 10 or 15 millions has only to buy in the market and watch it go up."

But suddenly something happened. The market cracked. Cotton prices fell day after day, by the full amount permitted by the Exchange rules. Jordan (and possibly others) was caught and had to unload. Here is where consumers began to have the laugh.

The mills were caught with big inventories, expecting higher prices because of rising cotton. The OPA failed to raise the ceiling. Soon it may have to reduce it. So prospective shirt buyers may laugh again at the expense of the mills and their representatives in Congress.

Nor is this misfortune to private enterprise on the rampage likely to be a passing incident. P. K. Norris, marketing specialist for the Department of Agriculture, told the Cotton Textile Institute on October 24 that the world supply of cotton will be ample for all textile production, plus a carry-over of 15 million bales. Foreign production was 42 million bales this year and will be more next. The outlook is bearish. By increasing the carry-over far beyond domestic consumption, American cotton farmers will have to compete in cheaper foreign markets. They had better think seriously about growing something else.

From Riches to Rags

There is no need to feel sorry for the textile mills. They have been doing pretty well. Production of cotton fabrics, as measured by cotton consumption, was the largest in history in 1945, and this year has been bigger yet, having run as high as 50 percent above the 1935-39 average. In spite of the OPA, the *Textile World* estimates that wholesale prices in October were 50 percent higher than when the war broke out. A recent tabulation showed that textile companies led the field in the number and amount of declared dividends. Although 1945 was an exceptionally good year, 13 representative mills in the South, for the first half of this year, showed a net income 170.5 percent greater than last. Retail-trade profits are also fabulous.

The woolen mills have been doing all right, too. The American Woolen Company, which turns out large quantities of cloth for clothing, paid $11.90 a common share in the third quarter of 1946, against $1.19 a common share for the same quarter of last year. For the nine months since January 1, the 1946 profit is $36.05 a common share, against $6.76 in the same period of 1945. Unfilled orders totaled almost twice as large on October 1 as on June 30, 1946.

The consumers are going to come out well in the end. It's been hard to wait, but there will be sacrifice sales when the bust comes. The textile industry, with its speculative base and its keen competition, is not likely to keep on top for long. It languished all through the prosperous twenties.

The chief sufferers will be the cotton growers and the workers in the mills. What will happen to them after depression hits is likely to spoil the comedy. We'd better not laugh too heartily.

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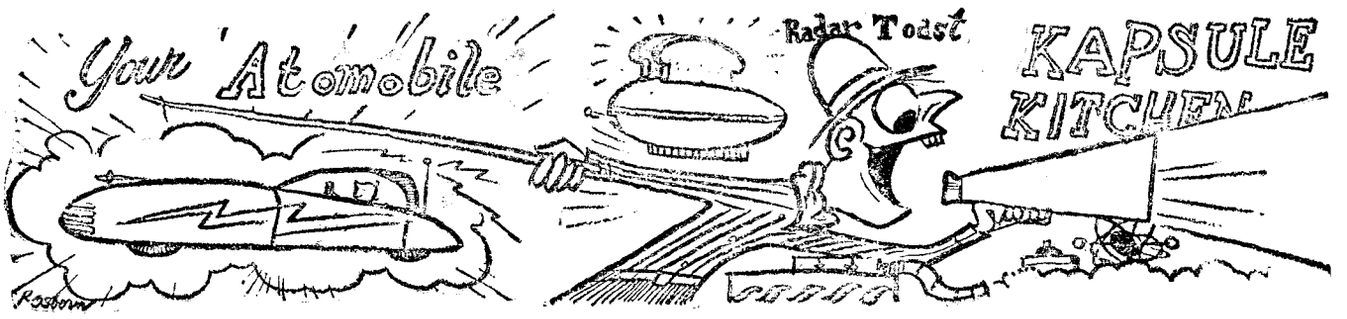


How Good Are Postwar Goods?

by Arthur Kallet

DURING THE WAR, industry diverted many millions of dollars of excess profits to the task of telling consumers what marvelous electrical and mechanical products were in store for them when peace came. We have now had a full year of peace, and in that time many of the promised goods have passed through the laboratories of Consumers' Union. This is to report on the basis of the products thus far tested that the expensive promises have not been kept, that with few exceptions the new products are "postwar" by virtue only of the date of their manufacture, not of improved materials or design.

How easily the promises rolled out of the dream world of the advertising agencies can be judged from the following 1944 General Electric advertisement:

"Don't you worry, baby. When daddy comes marching home, he'll march you and Mother right into the swellest little house you ever saw!"

"What kind of house?"

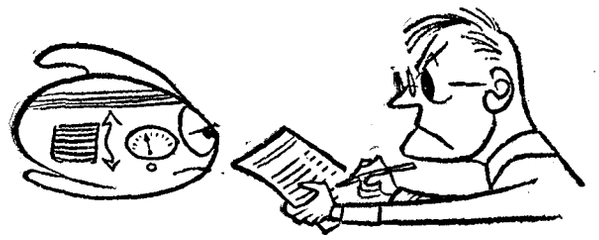
"We'll tell you! An all-electric house!—that's what it will be!

"In the kitchen, your Mother'll just push buttons and turn switches and zingo! the housework will be finished! . . ."

"When do we move in?"

"Now, be patient! First, we all have to put a hex on Hitler and Hirohito!"

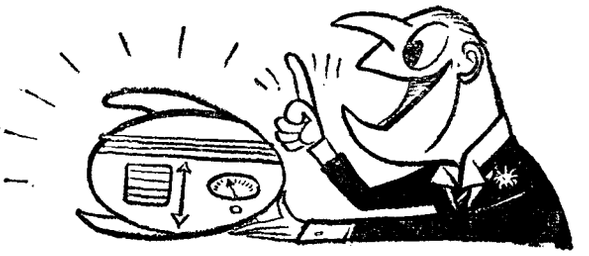
Comparison of promises and performance is easiest with respect to radio receivers, both because the radio promises were most abundant and because Consumers' Union has been able to test more radios than any other electrical or mechanical product.



For example, one radio company used full-page advertisements in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1944 to describe its coming models. Out of the wartime experience of their engineers, the company promised, would come "new A—— radios . . . with reception and tone and fidelity that will amaze you. . . . Every A—— . . . will be a precision instrument."

But CU radio engineers, after testing a postwar A—— table-model receiver, reported: "Fair tone; good volume; fair sensitivity and interference rejection. Slight shock hazard. . . ."

Another radio concern also made promises through the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*: ". . . . We will bring you radios and radio phonographs that will



give you music, voice and every type of program reproduced with a naturalness you have never before enjoyed." The laboratory report on one of this company's postwar models was, "Relatively poor tone; fair volume, sensitivity and rejection of interference."

No advertising effusions surpassed those of a manufacturing concern relatively new to the field of home radios. "Beautiful beyond belief in tone and styling . . . heirs of all the technical skill and knowledge that has made C—— *first* in Creative Engineering, C—— postwar radios, regardless of price or model, promise you more all-around pleasure than any radio has ever brought you before," said a 1945 advertisement in *House and Garden*. "Relatively poor tone," said CU's laboratory report.

Arthur Kallet is the director of Consumers' Union. He is the co-author of One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs *and the author of* Counterfeit.

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The copywriters found new inspiration in telling of the coming postwar frequency-modulation (FM) radios. "For you—the World's Clearest, Most Beautiful Radio Tone in Your COMING NEW F—— RADIONIC FM RADIO," another *Good Housekeeping* radio advertiser promised. Their FM, said the advertisement, ". . . will open up to your ears an entirely new range of richness, and fullness, and color . . . entirely free from static noise at all times . . . so thrillingly real that you'll swear the performers in the studio or on records are right in the room with you!" CU tested two different F—— models with FM and found both "Not Acceptable." CU's engineers made no comment on the "radionic" feature (whatever that is). But the report on an F—— table model did say, "Tone control became inoperative because of poor mechanical design . . . very poor static suppression on FM." And the report on an F—— console model said, ". . . All three samples tested had loud microphonic feedback howl. Lacked high fidelity on FM because of inadequate treble response."

And then there is the radio "Famous for Quality the World Over." The advertisement: "Your G—— of tomorrow will fulfill the promise of G—— leadership. It will bring you new and untold joys from radio and recorded music. New ideas and new skills have been born of war research and the vital contributions which G—— engineers have made to the advance of electronic science. These will be reflected in the tone and performance of your postwar G—— . . ." The laboratory report on a G—— FM receiver: "Relatively poor tone and low sensitivity on FM."

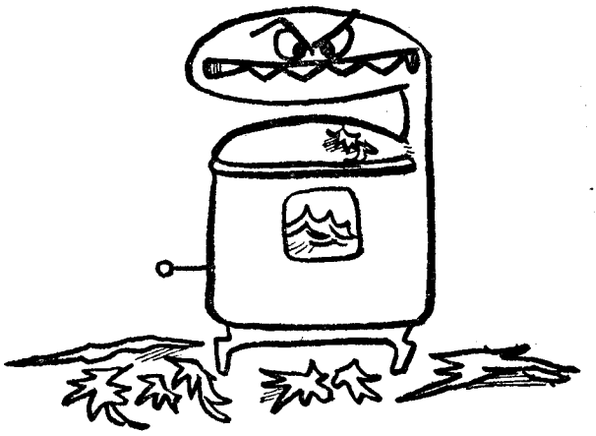
A Good Radio Is Hard to Find

This is not to imply that there are no good postwar radios. Some are good. And some of the companies which produced the inexcusably mediocre models mentioned above have produced other models with excellent radio characteristics. But the promised advancements resulting from wartime research simply have not appeared. And on the whole the new radio receivers thus far tested, though much more expensive, are rather poorer than their prewar counterparts.

Furthermore, factory inspection is generally so poor that some sets are going into the stores completely inoperable; or parts and workmanship are such that the buyer may be in for frequent high repair bills.

The most expensive of the 200 radio receivers tested by CU was a thousand-dollar H—— console whose pianolike bulk included AM radio, FM radio, short wave, and a phonograph with automatic record-changer. While tests indicated nothing sensational about this postwar H——, the laboratory report did show "very good tone" for the FM section, and "good" tone for the AM section. In general its radio characteristics were excellent—when it played. But it was rated "not acceptable" because a defective AM-FM changeover switch quickly put the radio out of commission. And after it was trucked away for repair and trucked back several weeks later, the same switch as well as another switch again broke down.

The H——'s record-changer is a make imported from England, and supposedly a first-class instrument. But the motor was found to be so weak that the turntable sometimes had to be given a push to get it started; and a fatal flaw in the design of the tone arm caused rapid and excessive wear of both records and needles.



Sheet-Tearer—1946 Model

CU shoppers have placed orders for many of the promised television receivers, but thus far only two have come into CU's laboratory. Both are table models, one, the I——, selling for $125, and the other, the J——, selling for $169.95. The I—— produced fair pictures on a very small screen, and the accompanying sound was only fair. Of two samples of the J—— purchased, neither has yet produced acceptable pictures or acceptable sound.

Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machines

The vacuum cleaners tested by CU in the past several months have performed reasonably well, but the engineers who conducted the tests found no changes from prewar models affecting the durability or the cleaning ability of the machines. As in prewar tests, a Hoover cleaner scored highest in dirt-removing ability of all cleaners tested, and an Electrolux ranked first among the tank-type cleaners.

Similarly, CU's first report on postwar refrigerators noted that: "None of them shows anything sensational or startling in the way of postwar improvements, as the ads might lead you to expect." Some new refrigerators now coming on the market have increased frozen-food storage space and "cold-wall" compartments in place of the freezing coils to protect foods from loss of moisture, but most of the refrigerators which have come into CU's laboratory are essentially the same as the last prewar models. Of the first four refrigerators on which tests were completed, the Gen-

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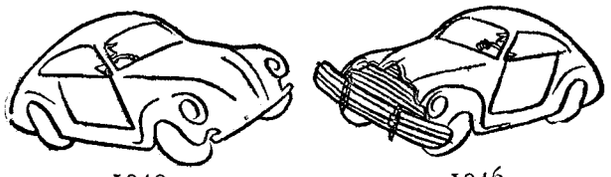
eral Electric, one of the best of the prewar makes, rated first.

Tests of washing machines, now nearing completion, again show no revolutionary developments. Several of the machines have broken down during the tests, some have shown excessive corrosion of metallic surfaces, others have done terrible things to test bed sheets in repeated trial runs; but in these faults they are neither better nor worse than prewar washers.

Postwar Automobiles

The end of the war has brought some mildly exciting changes in the automobile market. For example, if you do a great deal of driving where there are no



1940 1946

roads or only very bad ones, or if you would like to use the power plant of your car to run a buzz saw or work paint sprayers or pumps, then that great postwar development, the civilian jeep, is an important addition to the car market (provided you don't mind a pretty rough ride with little protection against the weather).

The 1946 models of most makes of automobiles differ from the 1942 models only in trim and in minor mechanical details. The most popular of all cars in 1941, the Chevrolet, reëmerged in 1946 with almost no mechanical changes. Ford, still shunning the front knee-action suspension of other cars, but dissatisfied with the riding qualities of 1941 Fords, has put more and thinner spring leaves on the 1946 model. Ford bodies are unchanged from 1942, but the prewar Ford V-8 engine has given way, in the new Ford V-8, to the 100-horsepower engine formerly used in the Mercury —a change arousing little enthusiasm in CU's automobile consultant, who considers the more moderate power of the Ford 6 better suited to all but the high-speed, open-road driver. Plymouth appeared with an improved braking system, push-button instead of foot-pedal starting, and a return to aluminum pistons.

Earlier this year consumers were led to expect something new in the Kaiser automobile, even though its companion car, the Frazer, was to be offered as just another conventional, medium-priced automobile. The Kaiser which was unveiled at a preview early this year had front-wheel drive, unit body and frame, torsion-bar springing and, for the first time on any car, independent rear-wheel springing. But when actual production of the Kaiser was finally announced, it proved to be an "interim" model differing only in trim from the Frazer. And the new OPA-approved prices of both Frazer and Kaiser place them in the price class of Packard and Buick.

For a major mechanical development, it is necessary to go—as few people, accustomed as they are to large and luxurious cars, will—to the miniature Crosley. The new Crosley, in the words of CU's auto consultant, "is powered with the revolutionary Taylor four-cylinder engine, made up chiefly of hydrogen-brazed sheet metal and steel tubing. The engine is very light, and the weight thus saved, plus the engine's very high compression ratio—7.5 to 1, 6.5 being normal—will give the car high gas mileage. Fifty miles per gallon at 30 m. p. h. is claimed." Despite its revolutionary engine and low fuel cost, most American buyers will consider the car "not acceptable" because of its small size, its subnormal comfort and its expected high rate of depreciation.

Postwar development of another kind is to be found in the 1947 Studebaker Champion. The engine is farther forward than before to give easier riding and increase space within the car, and the rear seat has been moved up until it is now entirely forward of the rear wheels. There is also a large increase in glass area, particularly in the rear windows.

The increased utilization of space is such that, despite smaller outside over-all measurements in length, width and height, the front seat is 4.5 inches wider than in the 1942 model, the rear seat is 10 inches wider, and inside height is the same as before. On the mechanical side, the Studebaker Champion gives excellent fuel economy—more than 20 miles per gallon—and it has larger brakes which are self-adjusting, the brake pedal maintaining the same travel until the lining is worn out.

At least one of the changes in the Studebaker may not be without its price to buyers. CU's consultant warns: "The concentration of weight at the front of the car . . . may cause loss of traction in winter and awkward handling on winding Eastern roads."

There will, of course, be changes and improvements in the cars as new models appear; but they will come gradually, if only because manufacturers are convinced that buyers will not accept revolutionary changes.

Don't Buy Now

To summarize, there have been some improvements in products, and there will continue to be others, just as before the war. The oft-burned consumer will realize, however, that any similarity between glowing wartime promises and postwar performance is largely coincidental. Just as before the war, many companies are inclined to substitute improvement in claims for improvement in products, and neither brand name nor price provides a reliable guide to quality.

Those who enter the present market are generally privileged to buy the equivalent of prewar products at much more than prewar prices. In many cases workmanship is sloppy and factory inspection inadequate. It is not a good time to buy except for those who must.

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Truman v. Attlee on Palestine

by Harold J. Laski

In all the unhappy complexities which now surround the Palestine problem, there is none, I think, more mistaken or more unwise than that which persuades a large section of British opinion, including, it seems, the cabinet, that President Truman's reiterated request for the entry of 100,000 Jews is simply a response to electoral necessities and likely to die down after November 5.

That is a very short-sighted attitude, and I find it difficult to believe that Lord Inverchapel, the British Ambassador, has not warned his government that this is the case. The Prime Minister must surely know how deeply the United States has been committed to support of all the implications of the Balfour Declaration, and the resultant mandate, ever since 1917. He must know how bitterly the White Paper of 1939 was resented in America as both illegal in fact and a betrayal of all the pledges to which Great Britain was committed. He must know, too, how eagerly the Labor Party's support for its withdrawal was accepted, and with what confident anticipation its withdrawal was expected when Labor won its great victory in 1945.

If there was surprise and alarm when long months passed without any withdrawal, there was immense relief when the Anglo-American Committee was appointed, and a renewal of hope when it presented its unanimous report. Since then, every action taken by the Attlee government, whether in London or in Palestine, has seemed to an overwhelming proportion of Americans both unjust in conception and lamentable in execution. Nothing has done more to create, or to recreate, the old suspicion of British "imperialism."

It may well be true that some of those who support the Jewish case in this crisis are moved by electoral considerations. What Attlee and his colleagues ought to bear very carefully in mind is that a deep anger with British policy as it is today in Palestine would exist if there were no American elections at all. Worst of all, the sheer ineptitude of the Palestine policy gives a handle to all the enemies of Britain and begins to spread a general poison at the very roots of Anglo-American relations.

It is not only, let me say frankly, that the British policy in Palestine is a bad policy, for it is really, as Great Britain ought to have learned long ago in Ireland and in India—not to mention the American experience itself—a mistake of the first magnitude to embark upon suppression of disorder without trying to remedy the grievances which have given rise to the disorder. It is even worse to accompany the disorder with an ungracious and snarling hostility which suggests that all the wrong is on the side of the Jews.

Attlee and his colleagues have given no ostensible weight to the very great services rendered to the Allied cause by the Jews in Palestine during the war—not least by Moshe Shertok, head of the political department of the Jewish Agency, who has been held for months in a concentration camp without charges of any kind being presented against him. They seem to disregard the fact that the source of the disorder is a bitter agony for which they themselves have a heavy share of blame. They always speak as though the whole of Palestinian Jewry were involved in the outrages. They must know perfectly well that the vast majority are peaceful citizens going about their daily business.

Whatever Attlee's experience of his visitors from the American State Department, his vague threats about an Arab "Holy War" and the grim hostility of the Arab League carry no weight with the Jews of Palestine, who know how little any Arab state is in a position to fight and how unreal is the unity of that Arab League which is itself a British creation.

If Attlee could get outside his embarrassments, even for a little time, I think his better self would see that the provocations from which the British have suffered in Palestine are much smaller than the provocation British policy there represents to the angry and bewildered Jews. Attlee emphasizes the patience of General Sir Evelyn Barker and his troops. I think he ought to set that in the perspective of the patience of the Jewish community in Palestine which saw the White Paper literally condemn their brethren in Nazi-occupied Europe to torture and death.

The vital point is that Attlee shows an increasing inability to understand how deep is the anti-British feeling his policy has created in the United States. It is a considered judgment fed by some of the deepest emotions human beings can experience. It embarrasses every Englishman in America. It poisons the hope of that creative understanding between the United States and Britain so vital to the peace of the world. I have rarely seen good will thrown away by misjudgment so grave and so unnecessary. I do not know upon whom Attlee relies for his opinion of the American attitude. I can only say that I am certain American indignation will grow unless he takes steps to alter a policy which is an abysmal failure. He has not much time to avert a catastrophe from which there is no recovery.

Harold J. Laski has just returned to Britain after visiting Russia and the USA. His article is copyright, 1946, by the Overseas News Agency, Inc.

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Radio: Paley in Chicago

THREE THOUSAND delegates attended the recent annual convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago. In the past, these meetings have been dull, routine affairs, with a good many of the delegates likely to be found at nearby bars escaping a particularly stale session. This year the idea seemed to have spread among radio's representatives there that they had gathered to do the radio industry some good, not just because it seemed the thing to do.

There was a general feeling that it was time for radio to clean house, or certainly to build another floor on the industry's 1946 rambling structure. William S. Paley of CBS boiled down the sentiment in a challenging speech. It wasn't that he said much that hadn't been said before, but it was the fact that the chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System said it, and said it not long after the FCC blue book and Frederick Wakeman's *The Hucksters* appeared on the American radio scene.

Paley said that radio broadcasts too much irritating commercial copy in bad taste; that the pressures of competition do not excuse such questionable practices; that it is the broadcaster, not the advertiser, who is mainly at fault; that the radio industry has not devoted the same high quality of writing and imagination to public-service programs that it has to commercial shows. When Paley made his speech, he knew that on the best-seller lists radio is labeled as a huckster, and that the FCC has accused it of lacking public-service responsibility and having an overactive advertising gland. The implications of his speech are that the NAB will have to stop being merely an apologist for radio and become a salesman for its good deeds. To be effective, of course, a salesman has to have an attractive line of goods in his sample case, and close inspection of the present stock shows that radio doesn't have much more to offer than the mixture as before.

It was CBS which produced the Columbia Workshop, Orson Welles's Mercury Theater and Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph." Its broadcast, "The Pursuit of Happiness," which handled democracy as the ingredient of a variety show and produced such items as "Ballad for Americans," was probably the best public-service program ever put on the air, but that was back in 1939. Now, in 1946, Mr. Paley has made a good speech. The radio industry and the public are wondering whether Columbia, at least, will live up to his promises by producing some good new shows.

The first indications that CBS is going to follow this kind of policy are the trade stories about the new documentary unit being formed by that network. The final product is expected to go on the air within six months or so.

TED COTT

"The Well-Digger's Daughter"

THE LATEST ATTEMPT on the part of jaded Paris sophisticates to glorify the life and values of people in the sticks is Marcel Pagnol's slow-motion rural opus called "The Well-Digger's Daughter." This movie's ancient story opens with a budlike blonde (Josette Day) clumping across a Renoiresque landscape, bringing her father (the late Raimu) his lunch. Though it is the most vacant sort of landscape, she bumps, as you expect, into her future lover (Georges Grey), standing like an ad for Jantzen bathing trunks in a stream that looks about one inch deep. Inevitable as this scene is, it is surprising to see such an expanse of nakedness, and a tall, plumpish mama's boy, with the smile of a baby kitten, presented as the hero. He rapes her almost before she has inured herself to the pomade he uses on his hair, and then is unexpectedly called to the front. When the girl tells her father she is pregnant, they go to Greasy Hair's wealthy parents to arrange the marriage; they are cast out; the father sends the girl away—and Hollywood never provided a patter ending. The movie is not only sophisticated comedy, but the profession of a faith in the peasant life of outdoor work, fierce self-respect and family love as the most profound way of living.

At least half of this suave job might have been done about twenty-five years ago; for the most part you feel that Pagnol could have done it with his eyes shut: there is a scene with an exploding, swaying 1910 jalopy which jolts down the road with groups of peasants standing around gaping the way people did in Mack Sennett comedies. Half the characters, including the well-digger and his burro-faced helper (Fernandel), are deep-dyed stereotypes; one curious aspect is that Raimu seems miscast and only half involved in his performance. The keyed-up, dynamic, cynical worldly nature he presents would go better in a movie like "The Wolf of Wall Street." Still, the strength of the movie is largely due to Raimu, even though you feel that he is going through it automatically.

There are a few episodes that are surprisingly direct, candid and entirely new. There is a magical scene that combines the qualities of real naturalism and the poise and style of a Seurat landscape. It concerns a message the hero's mother is supposed to deliver to the girl but decides not to at the last minute. Part of its beauty has to do with the setting—a cool country road, the classic movements of the people—and part of it with the fact of how definitely the director gets across each woman's preoccupation with her own emotion. Almost as good is the candid aftermath of the rape scene, and then the girl's sad confession of despairing degradation and her premonitions of love.

The movie seems too obviously contrived to fit the virtuosity of certain ace French players. The two whose acting is least mannered are Charpin and Line Noro, who play the boy's parents, and there are some exciting secondary characters: the talkative, Boweryish waiter and the vase-like aunt. The photography and settings are a kind that are now second nature to Pagnol—gauzy, sun-drenched scenes, like Degas pastels, of people laundering, walking through the fields and handling babies.

MANNY FARBER

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The Bandwagon

"Knowing the temperament of Goering, I expected something like that to happen," the General remarked. "He was very dramatic and always tried to do the unexpected. The average German does not want to be hung." – *General Arnold, as quoted in the New York* Times.

Despite the paper shortage the government is sure it can find enough to print the needed next batch of 665 million income-tax blanks. – *From the Washington* Evening Star.

Go West, Young Man

Harvard faculty-club members are eating horse meat, but in Chicago the new catalogue of Turtox Products, Inc., biological supplies, offers grasshopper eggs at 75 cents a dozen and other dainties at reasonable prices. – *From the Chicago* Tribune.

The Dim View

Election day is near at hand. Time is too short to be wasted on extraneous issues and sheer silliness. . . . In the light of their own need and wishes, what can it matter [to Washington voters] how a candidate seeking their votes may feel toward Generalissimo Franco, Generalissimo Stalin, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Marshal Tito, Prime Minister Attlee, Winston Churchill or General de Gaulle? – *From an editorial in the Seattle* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Welcome to Wallace

SIR: We rejoice in Henry Wallace's acceptance of the editorship of the *New Republic*. His vision and courage are essential in an hour when Americans must discover the concrete means to translate the ethical ideals of religion into the realities of world law and order, economic justice and racial brotherhood.

G. BROMLEY OXNAM,
Bishop of the Methodist Church,
New York City New York Area

SIR: Henry Wallace's editorship is warmly welcomed by all progressives. The *New Republic* now has a great opportunity and a great responsibility. Wallace's courageous voice must be heard continuously on the crucial issues of peace and domestic policy. It is essential that the *New Republic* expand its editorial scope and circulation under Wallace's leadership to reach workers, small businessmen and farmers all over the country to help the growing progressive coalition to build effective political action in all America's communities.

C. B. BALDWIN, Executive Vice-Chairman, NCPAC
New York City

SIR: The union of the *New Republic* and Henry Wallace is an exceptionally notable one. You are to be congratulated on the move. May it be a broad stride—one of many—toward the attainment of greater progressive national sentiment and desperately needed internationalism. . . .

San Francisco, Calif. BORRIE I. HYMAN

SIR: . . . We have always had a keen interest in Mr. Wallace's ideas and principles, and we are gratified that through your magazine he will have another medium for his valuable contribution toward bringing about a better world.

Our interest in his activities is twofold. First, the writer in his personal convictions has always felt that the principles that Henry A. Wallace stands for are the firm foundation for progress and the improvement of human welfare. Then, too, from the angle of a businessman, and especially that of an exporter, we have always been confident that under his direction of the Department of Commerce, our interests were properly protected, and that we could rely upon fair treatment and proper consideration by governmental authorities when any problems arose. . . .

New York City A. A. BACK

SIR: As a reader of the *New Republic*, I think almost since the first issue was published, I am writing to congratulate you on the appointment of Henry A. Wallace as editor. This is good news indeed, and I sincerely wish him the very best of success in his new position. I also hope to see him nominated as President of the United States. . . .

Winnipeg, Manitoba MENZIE MCTAVISH

SIR: As a pleased reader of the *New Republic*, THANKS! And congratulations on the acquisition of Henry Wallace.

Cleveland, O. FRED TRACY

SIR: For some time we have followed with interest and appreciation the brand of news reporting offered by the *New Republic*. It is a pleasure to receive news that is apparently non-motivated by self-interest. We have just heard the heartening fact that Mr. Wallace is to act with you as editor of the *New Republic*. You will make a good combination. . . .

Richmond, Calif. HERBERT and EVELYN ATTIX

SIR: Mr. Weaver is feeling much better, not only because you adopted his idea for the title on the cover, but also because you have taken on the biggest man in American public life today!

Asheville, N. C. BURNLEY WEAVER

Sir: This is just a note to offer you my belated congratulations on the coup you scored in signing up Henry Wallace. I think the arrangement will be beneficial both to the magazine and to the country.

New York City NATHAN WITT

SIR: . . . Henry Wallace is the world symbol, at this time, of real political morality and personal integrity. He has chosen the *New Republic* as the lever to enable humanists to work for the removal of the barriers to decency and justice on the road to a world in which all men can live at peace, in constructive, and not destructive, pursuits. . . .

Wallace is the symbol of humanism. Now the *New Republic* becomes the carrier. We *New Republic* subscribers must sell the journal as an organizing force for human decency to all who will listen. . . .

East Lynn, Mass. G. E. BERRY

SIR: I've never read your magazine, but am subscribing now with the hope and belief that you will back up Mr. Wallace in opposing our present bellicose foreign policy.

New York City CALVIN BALL

[The editors are aware that this page would be livelier if it contained a few letters disapproving of the choice of Henry Wallace. Three or four such letters have been received; but with the exception of one which is far too long to publish, they are couched in such terms of invective and scurrilous abuse as to be, in our judgment, unprintable. – THE EDITORS]

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FALL BOOK SECTION

Limousines on Grub Street

How Writers Earned Their Livings: 1940-46

AT THE END of the 1930's, there was a boom in what was coming to be known as the literature business, and the boom has continued after the war. Most of our 11,806 professional authors—to borrow a figure from the 1940 census reports—are still insecure and underpaid; but those who achieved or blundered into popularity have been living like speculators in a bull market. Before the market crashes, let us trace the history of the boom and examine its effects on the profession of authorship.

The new era of best-sellers began as early as 1931, with the publication of Pearl Buck's first novel. *The Good Earth* stood at the top of the bookstore lists for two years, was reprinted many times at various prices, was translated into twenty languages, and had an American sale in all editions of probably more than a million copies, although the publisher has never released the exact figures. In 1933 and 1934, the best-seller was *Anthony Adverse*, first of the oversized historical romances. It had so wide a popular appeal that it became a sort of St. Christopher for the booksellers, lifting them on its back and carrying them through the slough of the depression; its sale has now reached 1.2 million copies. In 1936 and 1937, the book was *Gone with the Wind*, with an American sale in the first ten years of 3.7 million copies; at home and abroad it has been the greatest publishing success of the century. All three of these novels had been issued to its subscribers by the Book of the Month Club, which, with its competitors, was changing the history of the book trade in America.

Essentially the book clubs are companies that carry on the business of selling books by mail to various types of readers. By 1946 there were twenty-six of the clubs, with 3.6 million subscribers scattered in all the towns and almost all the hamlets of the country. There were special clubs for Protestants, Catholics, radicals, children, executives, students of science, lovers of the classics, Sears Roebuck customers and mystery fans; but two of the clubs that appealed to a general audience—the Book of the Month Club and the Literary Guild—were the oldest and by far the most successful.

The Book of the Month Club issued its first selection in April, 1926; at the end of the first year it had 40,000 members. Its growth was steady even during the depression, and phenomenal in the early wartime years; by 1943 it was setting a limit of 600,000 on its membership because of the paper shortage. In spite of difficulties with production, it was distributing nearly 300,000 copies, on the average, of the books it recommended, besides many other volumes ordered by its members from reviews in its monthly magazine; and it was then the third largest private customer of the Post Office Department, the first two being Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward.

Obviously the membership had learned to rely on the taste of the five judges who made its monthly selections. The judges never managed to choose the twelve best books of the year in point of literary merit—it is a question whether they tried to do so—but they almost always chose something of interest and they often took chances: that is, they voted for out-of-the-way books which, without their approval, would have had no chance for success. The growing popularity of non-fiction books was a phenomenon of the years after 1930. Partly it was explained by the support that many of them received from the Book of the Month Club.

THE LITERARY GUILD, which began to distribute books in 1927 after years of discussion and promotion, had a more uneven history. At first it grew as fast as its rival; then for some years it fell behind, as a result of choosing books that were either too difficult or, in some cases, simply too dull for its audience; there were times when it teetered on the edge of bankruptcy. After 1937 it began a period of rapid growth under a new editor, John Beecroft, who also made the monthly selections for two other large book clubs owned by the same publishing house: the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club and the Book League of America. But the Guild received his special attention; it overtook and passed the Book of the Month Club during the war, when it had a larger supply of paper; and by 1946 it had 1,250,000 members, as against 925,000 for its rival.

Paper stocks, however, were only part of the story. The more rapid growth of the Guild after 1937 was also the result of its having adopted an older, safer and somewhat more cynical policy. Its selections were chiefly novels with a well constructed plot that was easy to follow; books that Beecroft was certain its members would like. The bookstore audience liked them too; and it was largely owing to the influence of the Guild that sales of more than a million copies for historical romances and local-color novels once more became commonplace, as in the years before the First World War. Indeed, the best-selling novels of the new era —like *Captain from Castile* and *The Black Rose*—were almost on the same literary level as those of the period from 1900 to 1915; on the average they were a little better than *Freckles*, a little worse than Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*; neither better nor worse, but only franker in sexual matters, than *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*.

The publishing industry as a whole was growing in the wartime years; after 1942 the production of books was

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limited, not by public demand, which seemed to have no end, but merely by the supply of paper and binding cloth and the time available on the printing presses. Magazines also enjoyed a period of wartime prosperity when they could sell as many copies as they could print, and print as many copies as their paper quota made possible. Yet all this time there were whole categories and age groups of writers who gained little or nothing whatever from the boom in the book and magazine trades.

Most of the younger men were in the Army; many women and older men were in war work that took all their energies. Poets and scholarly critics, if they had time for writing, learned that it had become harder than ever to find a publisher for books that wouldn't sell. Even the great majority of novelists and general essayists had little share in wartime profits. Lacking the art of salesmanship, or regarding its use as a dangerous temptation, they lived very much as before, on crumbs from a dozen different tables: now an advance from a publisher (who was likely to be more generous in wartime), now a story sold to a magazine, now a literary prize or fellowship (there were more of these than in the past), now an invitation to deliver a lecture or teach in a writers' summer school, now a book review or a manuscript to be reported on, now a few dollars for permission to reprint something of theirs in a textbook or anthology, now an invitation to spend a month or two writing at Yaddo or the McDowell Colony—in general an irregular series of little windfalls that somehow kept them going while they waited to see whether the next book would pay for the publisher's advance on it and even yield them an actual royalty check. Meanwhile a few score or even hundreds of the most popular writers were earning money almost at the rate of war contractors.

If these were lucky enough to have a book taken as its sole monthly choice by one of the two largest book clubs, they each received, in 1946, an advance payment of $50,000; and there was the prospect of further payment from the club if the members liked their work—not to mention the royalties from bookstore sales, which were certain to be larger for club selections than for other books. Magazines as a class had not raised their top rates for thirty years, and the successful magazine writers of 1940 were being paid rather less than Jack London had received in 1910; but this was another situation that changed during the war. All money was "hot" in those days because of income and excess-profits taxes; and the magazines that were making profits subject to high taxation often shared part of the wealth with their collaborators by giving them higher fees, at a cost to themselves of about 10 percent.

The growth of reprint publishing had involved very little increase in the economic rewards of authorship. The various pocket books, for example, paid royalties of only one cent per copy, to be divided equally between the author and his original publisher; so that the author's share for an edition of 100,000 was only $500. On the other hand, the sale of foreign rights had begun to yield respectable sums; and the digest magazines paid from $4,000 to $10,000 or more for permission to make a condensed version of a popular novel.

Two young ladies, overheard by a reporter for the *New Yorker*, were discussing the latest number of *Omnibook*, a monthly devoted to book digests. "It takes five or six books and boils them down," said one of the ladies. "That way you can read them all in one evening." The other said, "I wouldn't like it. Seems to me it would just spoil the movie for you." The movie was not only more important for these young ladies; it was also the largest source of income for many writers. As much as $200,000 was paid for the motion-picture rights to successful books, and $300,000 for plays that ran only three weeks on Broadway. There is one case on record where a Hollywood producer paid $150,000 for a then unpublished first novel that the critics didn't like when it finally appeared.

There were also numerous instances where authors were defrauded by legal but palpably unfair contracts, and the Authors' League was battling for and about the creation of new machinery to protect their rights. Meanwhile, successful writers were depending more and more on the advice (costing 10 percent of their net proceeds) of literary agents who were skilled in exploiting all the financial possibilities of a novel or an autobiographical story. The agents had greatly increased in number: a directory called *The Literary Marketplace* gave the names of eighty as being "among the most active in the field." A few of them were partnerships or corporations larger than the average publishing house.

With the new ramifications of the literature business, they needed all their skill. It was now theoretically possible for a single book to be first-serialized in a big-circulation magazine; then distributed by one of the two leading book clubs at the same time that it went on public sale; then sold to Hollywood for a large cash payment and a percentage of the future profits (spread over several years so as to lower the income surtax); then reviewed in the newspapers and magazines and over the radio—and even turned into a comic strip for publication in part of the Hearst press; then printed by one of the digest magazines in painless capsule form; then second-serialized in some of the newspapers (although this particular use of books was declining); then sold to an English publisher; then translated into as many as twenty foreign languages (with royalties to the author for all editions except those printed in Russia, China, Japan and sometimes Holland); then chosen by a second book club, one that specializes in cheaper reprints; then reprinted for the general public in a series of editions at prices ranging downward from $1.98 to 25 cents, the sale of which would be vastly stimulated by the release of the motion picture, followed by a half-hour radio version of the Hollywood cinematization; while all the time the author was besieged for interviews, paid and unpaid personal appearances, lectures . . . and the great machine of exploitation rolled on and on, through wider circles of business enterprise, and literary values were forgotten somewhere over the horizon or in the past.

Besides commercialism, two other tendencies were transforming the literary world after 1930. To name each of them in a long word, they were institutionalization and collectivization.

Literary activities were coming more and more to be centered round the institutions that were powerful enough to support them. The government itself was the largest of these and, in the days of the Federal Writers' Project, it

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had also shown signs of becoming the most influential. There was at one time talk of establishing a Bureau of Fine Arts with authority to undertake cultural projects and award prizes and fellowships. A conference held under official auspices in the spring of 1941 resolved that the government had an interest in supporting the fine arts, including literature, that went beyond the measures it had already taken toward keeping artists and writers employed during the depression. But our entrance into the war, and later the hostility of Congress and the change in government personnel, put an end to these plans. The only government support for literature after 1945 was through the State Department in the foreign field, and through the research programs maintained by the Library of Congress.

Many of the functions that might have been performed by a Bureau of Fine Arts were gradually taken over by the American universities. With their vast endowments and, in many cases, their support by state governments (in addition to help from the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations), they became the local centers of cultural activity. They maintained, generally speaking, the best American libraries for scholarly work. They offered extension courses and free lectures that took the place of the old-time chautauquas and lyceums. They became a refuge for the little-theatre movement, which was declining almost everywhere else except in summer resorts.

To their student bodies, they gave courses and seminars in creative writing, often with the help of well known authors. Teaching and writing, in the early 1900's, had been two separate worlds. After 1940, however, it was no longer surprising to hear that a critic, an experimental poet or even a successful novelist or biographer was on the faculty at Harvard, Minnesota, California or any one of a dozen other universities. Some of these writers—and some of their brighter students—had their creative work published by the university presses.

THE PUBLISHING TRADE had so far resisted the tendency toward concentration and amalgamation that had triumphed almost everywhere else in American society. A typical second-line publishing house, one that issued about thirty books a year, might start with a working capital of less than $200,000. It might consist of two partners, one of whom acted as senior editor, the other as sales manager; one or two junior editors; an advertising manager; four salesmen, who might also handle the books of another publisher as a sideline; and half a dozen secretaries, typists and stock-room clerks. It was a small business, of the type that newspapers romanticize not only because it expresses the myth of individual enterprise, but also because it is disappearing from the commercial world.

Meanwhile the larger publishing houses were expanding —either horizontally, by adding new departments that specialized in reprints, textbooks, medical books, sporting books; or else vertically, by invading the retail book trade. Doubleday and Company had expanded in both directions. Besides a trade-book department, it had a large press under construction; it had four subsidiary companies that published various types of reprints; it owned four book clubs, including three of the largest; and it also operated an extensive chain of bookstores. Simon and Schuster controlled Pocket Books, Inc., the largest of the 25-cent reprint publishers; it had a share in the People's Book Club; it wholly owned the Venture Press, devoted to the work of new authors; and it had a fraternal relationship with the Marshall Field newspapers and projected magazines.

In many other fields connected with writing, the process of concentration had gone faster and farther. In the periodical field, for example, the big-circulation magazines had all become institutions employing hundreds of persons and possessing a sort of corporate personality. There was a tendency for magazines to be consolidated into chains: these included the Luce chain, the Curtis chain, the Crowell-Collier chain, the Hearst chain, the McCall Corporation and, in Chicago, the Smart group, not to mention a dozen corporate collections of popular all-fiction monthlies.

In motion pictures there were a few big producing companies each of which hired scores of writers, exactly as it hired actors or cameramen. In radio there were the four big networks, which earned their profits by selling time on the air to the not more than two hundred corporations that engaged in large-scale advertising. Radio writers had to hold the public's attention while remembering that their primary function was not to create characters or tell a story, but chiefly to sell soap.

MORE AND MORE writers in all fields had ceased to be independent craftsmen and instead had become officials of public or private institutions. They worked for the federal government, they taught in universities, they wrote on contract for magazine corporations, they were hired by motion-picture producers or radio advertising agencies. They were sometimes very well paid; on the largest magazines they might earn salaries of as much as $25,000 a year (or even more, if they were among the top favorites of *Reader's Digest*); and there were a very few writers for the movies who earned $5,000 a week on short-term contracts. At the other end of the scale, writers hired or put under contract by the pulp-paper magazines might earn less than the rate for cub reporters under a Newspaper Guild contract. Lavishly paid or miserably paid, salaried writers as a class did honest work, the best that was possible in the circumstances, but the work wasn't their own. It had become collective to a degree never achieved in Russia, where collectivization is set forward as an ideal.

The Russians sometimes sent "shock brigades" of writers to report on a particular situation; at one time it was the industrial and agricultural progress of Tajikistan. The writers all made the same conducted tour; then afterwards each submitted his individual report. But American writers employed by an institution might not only be assigned to the same collective task; each of them might be expected to perform only part of it, like a single worker on the production line.

In Hollywood, for example, it was a practice of some companies to set three writers to work independently on the same story. The best features of their three versions would be combined, usually by a fourth writer, and the completed script would then be subject to further changes by the producer, the director and the editor in the cutting room (not to mention all the changes in emphasis that might be made by the actors, the costumers, the scene designers and the composers of the musical score); till at last the film emerged

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as a vast collective enterprise in which nobody could recognize more than a few scenes or sounds as his own.

Writing for some magazines had become almost as purely a collective process: for example, an idea might be suggested by one of the editors, adopted after a general conference of executives, assigned to a researcher to gather the facts, then to a writer (or even two or three writers in succession) to put them together, then again to one or more editors to whip it into final shape. In the Luce magazines, most of the articles were unsigned, for one good reason among others that it would have been as difficult in some cases to assign them to any single authorship as it would have been to identify the man chiefly responsible for the ten-millionth Chevrolet to move down the production line.

Even in fields where the process was less advanced, there was an increasing amount of acknowledged or unacknowledged collaboration. Hardly any play by a new author reached Broadway until it had been worked over by a play doctor, who received half-credit for the result and half the royalties. On Publishers' Row it was understood that most books by war heroes, corporation executives and government officials were actually written by their literary ghosts. Sometimes a Hollywood producer, instead of filming an original story by one of his own hired hands, would pass along the plot to some needy novelist, with an advance payment and a promise of more if the book written to specifications was accepted by a reputable publisher and not too unfavorably reviewed. Or again, a literary agent might invent the subject and even the plot of a novel, might convince a magazine editor that it was just what he wanted for a serial; and the editor might assign it to one of his trusted writers, just as he would order a suit from his tailor.

Much of current American writing had come to represent, not a personal vision, but rather a trend, an imprint or a decision taken at a board of directors' meeting. There was now a much wider audience for all writing (except some of the best) than there had ever been before, and there was a much larger body of writers trained to meet its demands. There had been a great elaboration in technique, so that American fiction in the 1940's was the most skillful written anywhere in the world. Yet there was also a greater timidity among the mass of writers, of the sort that develops in any bureaucratic situation; and there was a tendency to forget that, although a great book expresses a whole culture and hence has millions of collaborators, including persons long since dead, in another sense it must finally be written by one man alone in a room with his conscience and a stock of blank paper.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Palestinian Ice Age

ARTHUR KOESTLER, superior journalist, is also the foremost contemporary problem-novelist. With *Thieves in the Night*[1] he has turned his attention to the Jewish problem and the question of Palestine. Koestler's talent for dramatizing a problem is of a high order; so high, that his dramatic inventions are also, on occasion, happy analytic insights. Thus the dramatization in *Darkness at Noon* of the issues of the Moscow trials outlines what seems to me the only possible explanation of the trials. An advanced knowledge of politics and a sensitivity to its human implications occupy a prominent place in his fiction, as they do in all his work.

The most appealing, but at once the disconcerting, quality of Koestler's thought is its simplicity. He is master of the epigrammatic flash, the instant generalization which seems to point a conclusion, even if, on afterthought, it is shown to have led nowhere: *e. g.*, his statement, in support of the last war, that we fought against a total lie in the name of a half-truth. He is fond of such polarities as Yogi-Commissar, such dichotomies as "Christ or arithmetic" as alternative principles for the conduct of life, and of phrases such as the one applied to Joseph, the half-Jewish hero of the present novel, whose conversion to the cause of the Jews, after a humiliating experience in an affair with a fascist sympathizer, is expressed in the words, "It had been a curious journey—from Lily's bed to Ezra's Tower in Galilee." It is such simple, pointed reductions that give Koestler the power of speech; where others bog down in the analysis of complexity, he follows his fluent course from problem to problem, secure, apparently, in the thought—assuming it occurs to him—that even if his judgments are only partially correct (and sometimes embarrassingly shallow), a concern with essential problems is of considerable service to the truth.

Koestler's judgments are rarely of the self-questioning kind; he takes too much for granted. Basic to his position are a number of unexamined assumptions, attitudes and moods which are as important, reflexively, to the disclosure of Koestler's habits of mind as they are to his objective opinions. Many of these habits are bad, but they must be counted among his virtues, for it is precisely his limitations, by which he reflects his age, that give his utterances their authenticity for the age.

Thieves in the Night tells the story of the settlement of the Commune of Ezra's Tower in hostile Arab country. The Jewish pioneers move in at night. By sunrise they are at work on fortifications, dugouts, roads, the watchtower and temporary living quarters, and by nightfall have matters well enough in hand to meet and fight off an Arab attack. The Commune endures many hardships but it grows and prospers. The Jews turn into Hebrews as they lose the memories of their persecuted past. The liveliness of their condition, which Koestler calls the extreme condition of mankind, humanity's exposed nerve, shall disappear; their children shall be Hebrew peasants, "unjewish-looking and slightly dull." Meanwhile, the vitality of Jewish life is expressed in its millennial traits: the sharpness, the enthusiasm, the dancing of the *hora*, the "Hebrew prophetic streak [cross-bred] with socialist sectarianism." The story is told for the most part through Joseph's eyes and it is through him that the counter-claims to the growth of a healthy Jewish peasantry are presented: the gifted, sensitive individual member's coming into conflict with the Commune's demands for conformity; the resort to violence and terror against the Arabs and British on the part

[1] Thieves in the Night, by Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Company. 357 pages. $2.75.

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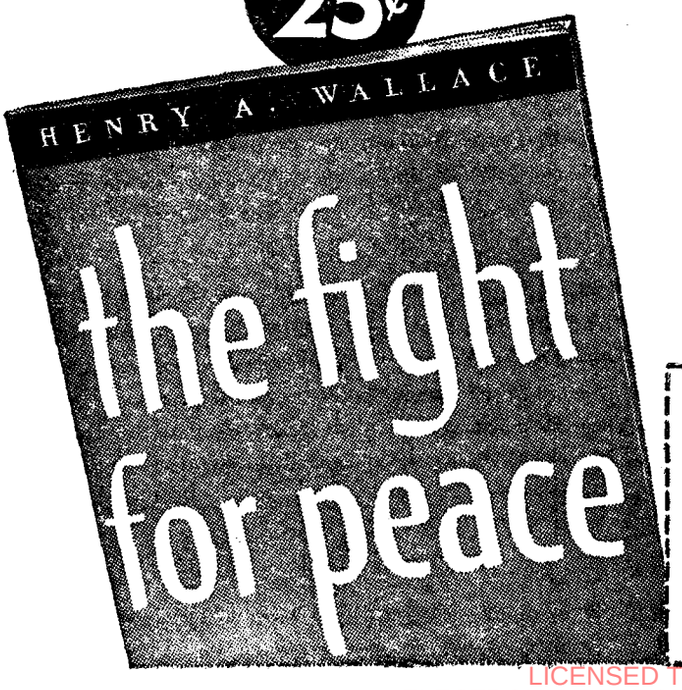

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of the more strong-willed settlers, whose original, exposed Jewish nerve has not been covered up in the new peace. The novel as a whole is one of Koestler's best. It has greater density and drama than *Darkness at Noon* and *Arrival and Departure*; the aspect of being a dramatized problem, which is just about the definition of Koestler's fiction, does not prevent the present novel from achieving a great excitement on its own merits. It reads almost as if a fictional imagination produced it.

But not an extraordinary intelligence. Koestler makes some attempt at a study of Jewish self-hatred in the person of Joseph ("self-hatred is the Jewish form of patriotism") and himself takes advantage of this patriotic privilege to the extent of calling the Jews a race in which the flaws are concentrated, not diluted as in other races. "It's the long inbreeding, I suppose," Joseph remarks to the American correspondent, Dick Matthews:

> They call us the salt of the earth—but if you heap all the salt on one plate it doesn't make a palatable dish. Sometimes I think the Dead Sea is the perfect symbol for us. It is the only big inland lake under sea level, stagnant, with no outlet, much denser than normal water with its concentrated minerals and biting alkaloids; over-salted, over-spiced, saturated. . . .

IF THE JEWS are so disliked, it is because there is something dislikable about them. Koestler therefore favors the dilution of Jewishness. In a recent article in the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine Section, after calling for the partition of Palestine into independent Jewish and Arab states, with the admission of as many Jews as possible into the Jewish state, Koestler argued for the assimilation of the rest of the Jews into the Gentile world. In the novel this position is not expressed; here, though he is writing as an imaginative writer, he does not fail to see that the real evidence is all against such a solution. Assimilation was obviously impossible in the worst hour of Jewish history, when one section of the Gentile world was engaged in the extermination of the Jews with the passive support of the rest of the world. And prospects are no better now. Koestler, apparently, does not feel the impact of his own fiction.

It is in the impact it carries as a dramatization of Palestinian politics between 1937 and 1939, with an obvious application to the present, that *Thieves in the Night* achieves its greatest success. At a time when the persecution of the Jews was reaching its peak, and when communal life in Palestine offered the only haven and the only restoration to humanity to the Jews of Europe, the British government issued its White Paper, cutting off all sale of land to Jews, limiting further immigration to 75,000 and condemning millions to death. The *Assimi*, laden with refugees, is intercepted by the coastal patrol within swimming distance of the shore; its passengers are sent back to Hitler. It is against such British crimes that Koestler's indignation rises to its proudest, its best and least compromised expression; and when he describes the action of the extremists, the so-called "Stern Gang," he provides them with a sufficient natural justification. It is as a reporter that he writes his most effective passages on the marching, enraged, leaderless Jews of Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv; but as a reporter with a sense of history, its tragedy and shame.

But once he has done presenting the natural justification of violence and, turning political theoretician, begins to look for a higher justification, all sense and principle desert him. In writing of the underground extremists he repudiates what was the basis of his opposition to Stalinism in *Darkness at Noon* and his other writings: his belief that the end does not justify the means. Koestler emphasizes the fascist character of the underground, whose business, he makes it appear, is to beat the fascists at their own game; and he has even a word of admiration for the way the fascists have been able to combine initiative and imagination with a blind obedience to authority. Now the end does justify the means. It seems to me that the only way Koestler could have justified terrorism would have been to argue that the apparent means of the underground are not true means at all, but forced options: the only choice when no choice is possible. Koestler does argue that no alternative course is open—he ridicules the revolutionaries and the diplomatists alike. When the only way you can act is to imitate the fascists, you imitate the fascists, and there's an end of the matter. And this is not their game, for they had free choice, and we have not. But this is a far cry from his actual resolution of the problem, which is to make a *preferential* selection of terrorist means.

Koestler, moreover, does not set the problem of terrorism in the larger historical context to which it belongs, that of revolutionary action in general. Terrorism seems to have become for him what it was for some non-Marxist or pre-Bolshevist revolutionaries—the whole of strategy, rather than a kind of tactics. He is certain that organized strategy in the socialist sense is now impossible. With the peculiarly masochistic pleasure that many former Marxists now take in yielding to necessity—in their motivation there is present even an element of wickedness: the pleasure one takes in destroying others' illusions—he insists, in effect, that the abandonment of a broad social or international perspective is now forced on us. The Marxists are involved in a futile chess game, unaware that the rules have been changed. Only sectarian idiots still speak of common action with the Arabs against the British. This is the Ice Age.

VERY WELL, this is the Ice Age. But first of all one must remark that Koestler keeps his pessimism warm by observing how the sectarian idiots shiver, by attributing absurdity in kind to their hopes and by extending the heartiest congratulations to himself on his own absence of illusion. (Koestler as mirror: so many of us are now proud of the fact that we know we have nothing to be proud of.) The Ice Age, furthermore, does strange things to those who survive it. Justice, in Koestler's position, has after all come to be identified with what is; not that what is is just, but that it is all there is of justice. The ideal residuum, the difference between what is and what ought to be, has been traded in for what can be; a bad bargain, for what can be is not enough better than what is (especially to a warm pessimist) to be worth freezing for. The relative concept of a justice which remained relative, partial and unfulfilled so long as the ideal was present has, in the withdrawing of the ideal, become absolute. A clear-cut moral position is therefore no longer held to be possible; on the one hand, Koestler condemns justification of the means by the end; on the other, he affirms it. This, he insists, is the real measure of our defeat, and he is as helpless as any other man. But soft, sir, you relish this defeat. ISAAC ROSENFELD

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Stendhal in Technicolor

Stendhal, or The Pursuit of Happiness, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Doubleday and Company. 489 pages. $4.

THE ADAGE that books have their fates is nowhere more triumphantly fulfilled than in the case of Stendhal. No writer ever embraced, more consciously or confidently, the destiny of contemporary neglect and posthumous recognition. The centennial of his death in 1942 was not less significant because it happened during the German occupation of France; it confirmed him as a spokesman for the traditional values of enlightenment against the encroaching forces of obscurantism. The war, which renewed the tributes of scholarship and criticism so sedulously accumulated around him by his compatriots, has also enlarged the spheres of his cosmopolitan influence. It could scarcely have been accident, a few years before, that made him the hero of a popular Soviet novel—Anatol Vinogradov's *Three Colors of Time*, sponsored by Gorky and documented from the Turgenev archives. And now at long last, with the appearance of Matthew Josephson's timely and sizable book, we have a full-length portrait of Stendhal by an American.

In approaching it, we might bear in mind Croce's distinction between the pragmatic and the literary character of a writer: between, in this case, the dilettante career of Henri Beyle and the psychological fiction he created under the pseudonym of Stendhal. He filled in the split between those two personalities with a remarkably candid series of personal documents, interesting to his critics and biographers alike. But it was presumably the more considered works of Stendhal that he submitted to the critical judgment of twentieth-century readers. And it is more especially the informal memoirs of Beyle that provide the basis of Josephson's study; even the novels are treated, albeit with debatable consequences, as "concealed autobiographies." Since the letters, the journals and many autobiographical fragments have not heretofore been available in English, Josephson—by translating frequently, paraphrasing freely and piecing together a sustained and colorful narrative—makes his contribution where it is most needed.

To this large and difficult task he brings an energy which is truly Stendhalian and a zeal for his subject which is engaging, although uncritical. Though other biographers, ever since Chuquet, have duly allowed for the retouching of Stendhal's childhood reminiscences from the vantage-point of his fifties, Josephson accepts *La Vie de Henri Brulard* at its face value. On the other hand he tends to underplay the brilliant formulations of *De l'Amour*, perhaps because he is chiefly interested in extracting a confession from between the lines. Quotations from both books, in comparison with their French originals, seem rather loosely translated—to say the least—and sometimes rather deviously twisted from their context (pp. 8, 54, 131, 242). The complicated chronicle of Stendhal's mistresses is followed with Leporello-like devotion; the record of his intellectual development is not kept in quite such fascinating detail. The somewhat one-sided result, as stressed by the subtitle, implies "that pursuit of a series of women was his principal business in life."

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The philosophical implications of Stendhal's—or, for that matter, Jefferson's—phrase, *la recherche du bonheur*, are less explicitly worked out. His relations with the rigorous thinkers of the Ideological school are vaguely interchanged with such terms as "utilitarian" and "positivistic." Locke and Condillac are telescoped together when the mind is characterized as "a blank statue." If we balk at the assertion that Beylism was "like Grecian stoicism," we are later assured that the Epicureans themselves "were Stoics at heart." Via such generalizations we reach a Pickwickian plane from which every form of mental discipline seems equally remote. There it may be easy enough to remark that "Stendhal's memoirs rarely have lush descriptions of his pleasures; it is as if he shrinks from defining them." But it is hard to imagine Stendhal himself equating lush description with definition. His object was to achieve the latter at the expense of the former, and we should have thought that he had had some success in doing so. It was for others to shrink from defining their pleasures.

What distinguishes him from Casanova is not merely Stendhal's unluckiness at love, but his highly effectual pursuit of ideas. Here the biographer cannot pursue him without a firmly grounded historical footing. Many figures, important for Stendhal, are peripheral to us; we need not blame Josephson for placing or dating them wrongly; yet if he regards Metastasio as a composer, and relegates Correggio to the fifteenth century, he cannot very fully have grasped certain touchstones of Stendhal's thought. His assertion that Stendhal misunderstood the Saint-Simonians calls into question Josephson's own understanding of that movement. Actually Stendhal put his finger upon its strategic weakness, its failure to differentiate labor from capital, in his pamphlet *D'un Nouveau Complot contre les Industriels*. Rushing to the other extreme, Josephson describes the historian, Albert Sorel, unearthing Stendhal's diplomatic reports "with cries of admiration." It is too late to verify the particular noises that went up on that occasion; but the printed remarks on the subject, in Sorel's *Lectures Historiques*, are far from admiring.

WHAT his book lacks in sense of history, Josephson attempts to recover with a journalistic bid for timeliness. Thus, with dark phrases about going "underground," he dramatizes the *dolce far niente* of Stendhal's Italian retirement. He seriously misinterprets *Le Rouge et le Noir* by associating its hero with the latter-day Resistance. It would be more correct to call Julien Sorel a collaborationist; his one political mission is historically identifiable with the reactionary Artois plot. His tragedy, of course, is moral compromise; he condemns society, in the end, through self-condemnation. But *La Chartreuse de Parme* portrays a genuine revolutionary in the person of Ferrante Palla, whom Josephson does not name. The epigraph, he tells us, is mystifying: "By her continual outcries this republic will prevent us from enjoying the best of monarchies." If Josephson had not mistranslated on page 354, he would recognize this as Stendhal's reversal of Lafayette's formula, which justified the July monarchy by calling it "the best of republics."

Balzac's interpretation of this novel is *simpliste*, says Josephson. His own, by failing to notice that the Italian hero is really the illegitimate son of a French officer, misses

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some crucial points. In stating that Stendhal resisted Balzac's criticism of his style, Josephson gainsays the evidence of their published correspondence, as well as the annotations recently studied in Jean Prévost's *La Création chez Stendhal*. Stylistic discussion of books about Stendhal, resisting matters of taste, must make precision its canon. Josephson is one of those writers who, having weakened his words by applying them lushly and loosely, reinforces his sentences with promiscuous exclamation points. His factual inaccuracy is often reducible to mere verbal carelessness: he will write "baronetcy" meaning "barony," "scatology" for "pornography," or unity of "space" for "place." References are confused through faulty spelling: though he conscientiously acknowledges his frequent obligation to the Stendhalian researches of Stryienski and Arbelet, he persistently—if not unforgivably—misspells their names.

Characteristically he cites the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review*, thereby confounding two different magazines which usually aligned themselves on the opposite sides of any given issue. It is the blurring of issues, even more than the artificial coloring or the oversimplified motivation, that makes this book as fuzzily two-dimensional as a moving-picture biography in technicolor. Josephson's book about Zola was a more impressive performance, since Zola's life could be presented as a straightforward crusade; he had no finesse to be damaged by heavy-handed treatment, few subtleties to be flung to the winds. Stendhal's enthusiasms are matched by like characteristics in Josephson, but he has all too little of his author's passion for analysis. In the conception that emerges, the emotional and romantic aspects overbalance the rational and realistic, the rarer qualities of Stendhal's writing; the delicate equipoise between heart and head, so uniquely Stendhalian, is upset; and hence the irony, of which there has never been a greater master, is ironically conspicuous by its absence.

HARRY LEVIN

Hope for the World

The United Nations, by Louis Dolivet. Farrar, Straus and Company. 152 pages. $1.75.

THE CLASSIC occupational disease of liberals is negativism. It is a shock, notwithstanding, to find liberal reaction to the present crisis in international affairs so obstinately committed to the negative position that the one new and truly liberal international hope is largely ignored. The United Nations may not be the hope of the world—though I think it is—but it is certainly the hope of liberalism whether in the United States or elsewhere. And yet the country's liberal leaders are so obsessed with their wholly admirable and wholly proper opposition to the fomenters of a Russian war that they have apparently forgotten that the one practicable defense against the Russian war, or indeed any war, is precisely the United Nations. If, as some of them suspect, what happens politically in certain parts of the world is no concern of ours, and what happens politically in other parts is no concern of the Russians, then neither of us has any particular interest in an organization concerned with what happens everywhere in the world. And if neither the Soviets nor ourselves have any particular interest in such an organization, then the whole idea of world organization is a very dead duck.

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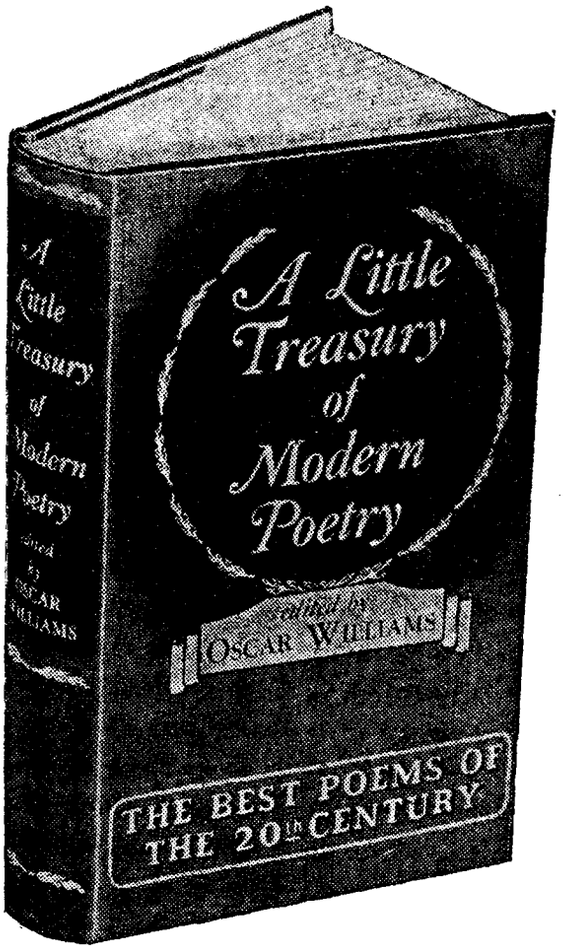

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I make this observation because it has a bearing on Louis Dolivet's book. *The United Nations* is a timely book in spite of its publication date. San Francisco is a year and a half behind us and the Charter of the United Nations has been public property for over a year, but the interpretation of the United Nations was never more important than it is at this moment. Not only the elderly lady and the French farmer whom Dolivet mentions in his foreword, but the world as a whole, Left as well as Right, needs to be recalled to the facts. The ball is no longer white and clean. It has been bounced around a bit and the pretty leather is chafed and stained. It has been put in play.

Which is another way of saying that I don't think Dolivet needed to justify his book by picturing the people, of this country at least, as puzzled and bewildered by the Charter. The San Francisco Conference was followed more closely by more Americans, directly or through the representatives of public organizations, than any constitutional convention in history, ours or any other. It is not ignorance of the meaning of the Charter which threatens the United Nations. It is lack or loss of belief in the Charter's possibilities. Part of that loss of belief results from the behavior of the foreign offices, particularly the Russian and our own, over the past many months. To act as though the United Nations were nothing more than a larger and more convenient cockpit for the same old cockfight is to reduce the whole organization to the dimensions of Soviet-American diplomacy—which are pretty trivial dimensions at the moment, no matter which end you measure from.

But most of the loss of faith results from the general postwar reaction—the familiar tendency to write off the ideals, devalue the promises and talk in phrases such as "the hard realities of power." In a year in which political parties can bid for the suffrages of the citizens in terms of meat it is not surprising that the UN becomes a woolly experiment which must yield to the superior claims of Soviet-American tension, even though the yielding means the division of the world.

IT IS the great merit of Dolivet's book that it substitutes a real and working United Nations, with living personnel and actual tasks, for the experimental abstraction and that it reaffirms in specific and convincing language both the ideal and the practical character of the enterprise. What critics of the Charter have forgotten or have not observed is the fact that the Charter is at once a declaration and a constitution. As a declaration it commits nations covering nine-tenths of the inhabited earth to principles of conduct which, a generation ago, would have seemed radical and unacceptable within a single state, let alone a great society of states. As a constitution it establishes machinery intended not only to prevent and remove threats to the peace but to bring about the economic, social and cultural conditions essential to the maintenance of peace—a project which few Americans would have thought capable of realization before San Francisco.

Dolivet makes it plain, as the Secretary of State made it plain in June, 1945, that the machinery of the constitution is machinery of limited powers. The Assembly cannot legislate, but merely discuss and recommend. The Court's jurisdiction is not compulsory unless accepted as such. The Security Council must act through military con-

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tingents supplied by its members and is subject to the veto. But the four instruments created by the Charter are nevertheless instruments of far greater effectiveness than is commonly allowed. They are the four instruments—a public meeting, a court, an enforcement officer and a center of science and knowledge—through which, in the words of the Secretary, "mankind has achieved the establishment of order and security as between individuals and families and communities." They are now for the first time established in the international field. Once acclimatized there, they may be expected to accomplish between nations what they have already accomplished within nations. The only question now is whether we will make them work or whether we will permit them to fail.

It is because he attacks the whole question from that point of view—from the point of view of the United Nations in action—that Dolivet's book is so valuable. It will certainly be widely used. It is comprehensive, exact and readable. It answers questions in the order in which they are most likely to present themselves to the general reader. But even so, the book and its subject need more than their respective merits to recommend them to an increasingly skeptical generation. They need friends to speak for them. There should be many such.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Home Sweet Home

The American Scene, by Henry James. With an Introduction by W. H. Auden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 501 pages. $5.

W. H. AUDEN's preface adds distinction to what is already a classic work of its kind. He has interesting things to say about Henry James and a good deal of interest to say about himself. Not least, it is significant to find that he has, if only half-consciously, penetrated through the flat surface of the America of which he is aware down to the America that James himself could not refrain from loving.

It is the America that liberates because, once one has passed the hard, superficial glitter, the attitudes and the postures, the push and the glare, it is intimate, friendly and perenially young. It invites the stranger to its heart, and there are half a hundred ways in which he has only himself to blame if he remains a stranger. That is what Auden has seen so clearly beneath the thick clouds of what James called the "expensive" side of American civilization. Certainly it is one of the most important things to be felt and known about America.

Rereading Henry James is to have all over again the sense of his immense power of persuasive penetration. Here, as always, his perception is oblique rather than direct, multiform rather than monolithic. He moves through his objective not by the high road but through and along a thousand side streets, lingering now here and now there because he has caught sight of some object which enables him to illustrate his central theme. He is never ready to state that theme simply. He leaves it, as it were, to permeate his reader with a kind of massively labyrinthine osmosis. There is always the remarkable sense of place, the eye for the significant detail, the shyness of clarity, the

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infrequent but dazzling phrase which has the classic quality of being inevitable. The theme of the book, I suggest, is stated poetically rather than logically, in the sense that the thought emerges of itself from a thousand things felt and recorded which the reader is expected himself to weave into an argument. What James wanted to convey he imposes by a persuasion of accumulated detail which captures the mind by surrounding it before the purport of the whole has been borne in upon the reader. There are charm and distress, sudden scorn and even anger, a good deal of coyness and even euphuistic conceits, all marshaled to seduce one into realizing the meaning of what is hardly less a great social commentary than an often exquisite topographical evocation.

That social commentary has, I think, an unmistakable import. This is the Henry James who is deeply disturbed by the "expensiveness" of the bourgeois America from which he fled to Europe. It is a lament that wealth should be so raucous, that great problems should be evaded, that ambition should aim so low, that arrogance should be so loud and overemphasized. It seems to me a plea for the separation of personality from property, a protest against a criterion which measures values by possessions, an argument that the principles of a money-economy arrest the arrival of genuinely civilized living. No one who has ever read it will forget the pitiless portrait of Newport or the brilliantly half-wistful, half-ironic portrait of Cambridge, or, perhaps above all, the brief but decisive glimpse of Richmond, or those half-dozen sentences on the South which summarize, with unsurpassed insight, the whole deposit of the conflict between North and South. All the hopes and fears, the illusions and disappointments, the brief glimpses of beauty and the tawdry failures of a civilization geared to wealth as the measure of value are set out here with an incisive finality.

WHAT I have found most remarkable in the picture Henry James here painted is the resemblance both of method and result to the work of Thorstein Veblen. James's canon of "expensiveness' is pretty exactly Veblen's "conspicuous waste." Both men massively condemn a society the values of which are grimly distorted by the search for a wealth which has no purpose except as a means to still more wealth. Both men proceed to their objective by the same tortuous indirectness. Both use irony and the delicate weapon of a wistful detachment to etch an indictment which hovers round, rather than is imposed upon, their pages. Both possess the special genius for the sudden example which makes concrete and gives substantiality to some large generalization which might, were the example absent, haunt the reader's mind without ever taking a ruthless hold upon it, even an unforgettable hold.

Auden admirably remarks that "even as a young man, James was unafraid of America as a subject . . . quite certain of what he felt and of his right to say it." That is true of Veblen also. From his earliest economic essays, what Veblen set out to do was to analyze the whole perspective of American civilization by making the businessman the point round which he built a series of portraits each one of which was constructed to throw a special light upon that type as the focus of all American life. For James, the result is reached through a series, apparently discrete but

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always with an inner unity and integrity, of places; with Veblen, it is reached through portraits of social types made necessary to the social order the businessman has called into being. And with both James and Veblen, the outcome has about it that character of inevitability which is always the hallmark of great insight. And both, it is significant, ask the American himself in person to take account of his position and assist in making the American destiny. It is not the least element in the greatness of Henry James that he saw how mediocre American life would be unless the ordinary American became aware of the need to be significant, and that he measured significance by insisting upon standards of value which refused to equate expensiveness with grandeur.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Return to the Jungle

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, with a new introduction by the author. New York: The Viking Press. 343 pages. $2.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S *The Jungle* is his outstanding single achievement. Written in 1905, it remains to this day—despite the fact that the lot of most workers has improved relatively—almost unmatched in America as a condemnation of the basic evils of capitalism. Dedicated "to the workingmen of America," it is a pamphleteering novel which expresses a passionate and urgent cry for social justice.

The Jungle is historically significant in many ways. On publication, it became a sensation, and it has played a definite role in the creation of pure-food laws; it is a lasting contribution to the struggle of the American worker for social justice and emancipation from wage slavery; it introduced the ideas and aspirations of socialism into the main body of American literature. It was also a service to the entire American consuming public. And it has had real significance in the history of American literature. Although less of an artist than Zola, Sinclair did for American literature what Zola did for French writing with his great book, *Germinal*. Like Zola, Sinclair introduced the condition of the worker and the voice of public conscience as themes in modern literature. Despite the abuse of conceptions of "social consciousness" in more recent writing, we need always to remember the great significance of new thematic introductions into the body of living literature.

The protagonist of *The Jungle* is Jurgis Rudkus, a Lithuanian immigrant. The experiences of Jurgis, the observations he makes, the jobs he gets, the things he does and the thoughts and feelings he has are intimately bound up with the great variety of facts Sinclair wished to state—facts concerning the slaughtering and processing of meat, the economic relationships between workers and corporations, the connections between ward politics and business organizations, the moral and physical consequences on workers when they must live on a wage level which hardly permits mere subsistence, and the different types of personalities in the socialist movement in the first years of the present century. Jurgis serves as a major illustration of the case which Sinclair builds against the System—a case that is more interesting than his characters. It can further be ob-

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served that the characters possess few distinctive traits; there is relatively little dialogue or individual action. Also, the characters are only occasionally found in relationship with one another in scenes in which there is any personal tension, and only then, when such scenes will further build up Sinclair's thesis in a literal manner. However, while these features of *The Jungle* must be mentioned, it would be inept and irrelevant to apply to this book the criteria which we apply in judging novels which deal with private lives. The novel is a most flexible literary form. There is no law or rule of novel writing which demands that a novel either be propagandistic or non-propagandistic. Taken for what it is and what it has meant, *The Jungle* has already justified itself.

It is significant that *The Jungle* was written prior to the Russian Revolution of 1905. The spirit of socialism it reflects is reformist. The confidence it expresses in socialist victory is high, and the novel ends with the hopeful prediction that "Chicago will be ours!" This is all decidedly different from the spirit infused in Jack London's great and prophetic socialist novel, *The Iron Heel.* It was written in 1909, and it most emphatically suggests that London was influenced by the 1905 Revolution, and that, in fact, he drew the lessons of this event much more clearly than did many of the outstanding theoretical leaders of the Second International. Most prophetically, London punctured reformist illusions and hopes, and amazingly anticipated the development of modern totalitarianism. Whereas *The Jungle* ends with the prediction of the conquest of Chicago, *The Iron Heel* treats the same city differently: Chicago here becomes the scene of the most terrible and brutal struggle between the workers and the Iron Heel, a civil war in which the workers suffer a terrifying defeat. At the same time, *The Iron Heel* is not a book which voices a feeling of defeat. Contrasting these two novels, one can see how the Russian Revolution of 1905 divides them, and how they are works reflecting different stages of the history of socialism and of the way that history was unfolded in America in the early years of the present century. Further, this contrast should help us more precisely to see the historical location of *The Jungle* as a socialist novel.

My contrast here can be warranted by the introduction which Upton Sinclair has written for this new edition of *The Jungle.* Speaking of his views when he wrote this book, he states: "The dreadful sequence of world wars and counter-revolutions was mercifully veiled from the foresight of a young idealist." And then, toward the end of the same introduction, he remarks: "Man-made calamities have taught the author of *The Jungle* that he had placed far too high an estimate upon the intelligence of the human race, and its moral qualities." Here we must point out that Sinclair supported these two wars and is equivocal concerning Stalin. These remarks can be definitely related back to the contents of *The Jungle.*

On the one hand, it is a work of exposure which condemns capitalism: on the other, it concludes with youthful idealism and hope in a relatively easy change of the capitalist system. It does not reveal the mechanisms of society and their various psychological consequences with the penetration of, say, Balzac. It exposes the evils that come with

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the on-working of these mechanisms. It opposes to them ideals of good will, hope and confidence in the moral caliber and intelligence of men. This is concretized in the readiness with which Jurgis becomes a socialist at the end of the novel. But the resistant power of this same system and its ability to grant partial reforms have been shown to be far greater than was expected. The fact that Upton Sinclair did not draw these conclusions in 1905 cannot be made the basis of a criticism of hindsight. For he saw much, much farther than the great majority of his contemporaries. But his present-day remarks and his career to date suggest that his socialist convictions can be placed in the period prior to the 1905 Revolution. And with this, it should be added that his greatest book is the one he wrote in that very period. I think that, so interpreted, we can today welcome a new issue of *The Jungle* and read it with some means of gauging its lasting significance.

JAMES T. FARRELL

The Real Thing

Shining Trumpets, by Rudi Blesh. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 365 pages. $5.
Really the Blues, by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe. New York: Random House. 388 pages. $3.

JAZZ, which has rightly been called the only original American art form, means many things to many people. To the bobby-soxer at New York's Paramount Theatre it is likely to mean the blaring swing of a big band like Benny Goodman's or Woody Herman's, but up the street and around the corner in the Fifty-second block, the re-bop school of Dizzy Gillespie is known as the vanguard of progressive jazz. Some forty-odd blocks to the south is a mecca where white Dixieland has deteriorated into something called Nicksieland, but its followers just as vehemently describe it as the only genuine article. On the other hand, the purist can see significance only in the lusty renaissance of New Orleans jazz—which is once again fat and saucy in the person of Bunk Johnson, Kid Ory and Lu Watters—whose group of younger white men have gone back to the style that King Oliver made famous in the early twenties.

In the midst of such a controversy it is good to find one of the more astute critics writing a book which goes deep back into the roots of jazz and draws cleanly the lines between what is genuine and what is mere imitation. It is, perhaps, unfair to try to condense a book into a few words, but usually it is necessary. Blesh's position, if he will forgive an oversimplification, is this: jazz is an American Negro folk music which stems from African native music and originated through a natural fusion, shortly after Emancipation, of all the Negro musics (work songs, spirituals, ragtime and the blues) with some of the European (white) forms; it is *composed in the playing* and to the extent that it deviates from this and from its Aframerican roots it ceases to be jazz.

There will be those who will quarrel with such a stand, mainly those who hold that the white Dixieland which came North from New Orleans near the end of the First World War was the real matrix of jazz. This reviewer can only warn them that they have their work cut out, for Rudi Blesh has produced a work of carefully documented synthesis. The most that one can find fault with, it seems to me,

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The purpose of this contest is to help discover fresh, authentic voices among veterans of the recent war who are now attending colleges or other institutions of higher learning, with a classification at least as high as that of regularly enrolled freshmen. Graduate students of all types are included.

Stories or sketches may be on any subject, and any length up to 1,800 words. They should be submitted, typed on one side of the paper, with the name and address of the author included, to SHORT STORY CONTEST, the New Republic, 40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned. The New Republic will buy first serial rights only, for a period of two years, after which all rights will revert to the author.

The contest opens December 1, 1946, and closes January 31, 1947. Envelopes must bear a postmark not later than the latter date.

No proof of status is required at the time manuscript is submitted, but successful contestants must be prepared to prove that at the time of submission they were attending college under the GI Bill of Rights.

The editors of the New Republic will be the judges in the contest. The results will be announced, and the prize-winning stories published, as soon as practicable after January 1, 1947.

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is that he often goes farther than it would seem logical to go; for example, when one starts talking about race memory and the survival of Africanisms among American Negroes, the ice gets a little thin. I have a feeling, also, that he has overlooked some sociological implications in the birth and growth of jazz which are even more important than the hereditary ones to which he gives such weight. Yet the fact remains that in spite of these rather arbitrary criticisms, *Shining Trumpets* is by far the best critical work on jazz which has thus far appeared, and if it is not the definitive one, it is at least a long step in the right direction. Moreover, it is written with charm, wit and spirit. The one thing it lacks to make it invaluable as a one-volume source book is a more extensive discography.

It is an easy transition from these academic discussions to the autobiography of a man who, even by the rigid stratifications which Blesh has imposed, probably came as near to playing pure jazz, at times, as has any white man. Any reader who is willing to sidestep a few annoying mannerisms of style (a mixture of ungrammatical colloquialisms and jive talk which is often effective, but when it backfires is as cloying as baby talk) will learn a great deal about the inner world of a practising jazz musician.

Mezz Mezzrow first learned to play the saxophone in a Pontiac reformatory; to feel the blues by hearing them sung in the Jim Crow cell block of a cold, lonely jail. He was in the vanguard of what has been called the Chicago school of jazz, but revolted against it as a watered-down derivative of the real thing; took up marihuana and later opium in an attempt to get at the source; found it and married across the color line after he broke away from drugs.

In the retelling this sounds merely sordid and sensational; yet in the writing, for the most part, it is an intense, sincere and honest book. It makes all the novels with jazz backgrounds seem as phony as an Eddie Condon concert, even the sensitive and beautifully written *Young Man with a Horn*. Perhaps no one who has never been inside the twenties and its music can ever recapture the whole pulse and feel, the age of discovery and the search for something more that was always almost, but not quite, there. Sometimes it didn't even seem to be inside the instrument, as Dorothy Baker implied in her dramatic legend of a hot musician's agony at never quite being able to reproduce on his horn the music that he was always hearing in his mind. Nor was it to be found in the moderns like Delius, Debussy and Stravinsky, whom Bix Beiderbecke, the chief element in the composite *Young Man with a Horn*, took to in much the same manner as Mezzrow took to narcotics. If there is a way, it leads us back to Rudi Blesh, by way of something that Mezz said about the difference between the imitation jazz of the Chicago school and its source, the New Orleans music of Louis Armstrong and Johnny Dodds, of Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory: "If you want to play real jazz, go live close to the Negro. . . . If you're not prepared to do that, then okay, play your own music but don't pretend it has anything to do with jazz. Make up a new name for it, just to keep the record straight." BUCKLIN MOON

A Reader's List

The Theatre Book of the Year: 1945-1946, by George Jean Nathan (Knopf, $3.50). The fourth of this entertaining and vigorous series in which the complete list of the season's plays is covered.

Planning No. 255. The Unmarried Mother (Political and Economic Planning. Available through the New Republic, *25 cents).* PEP continues here its discussion of maternity services. The problem treated in this broadsheet—illegitimate children—is one beset by prejudice, false moral standards and an emphasis on sin and punishment. And the steep rise in illegitimacy during the war and the greater incidence of infant mortality and stillbirth tell a story of poverty and degradation which society cannot ignore. There is no need, the editors argue, to treat the unmarried mother as a special case. The less her position is stressed, the greater her chance for normal readjustment. But this cannot be brought about by local agencies which enforce religious precepts as the price for assistance. Services must be coördinated and standards improved if society is to avoid creating a new class of untouchables. And that

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requires, the editors show, coöperation on the part of national health, labor, social-insurance and housing authorities.

Free Medical Care, by Clarence A. Peters (Wilson, $1.25). This volume is intended as a reference work on socialized medicine, with special application to the compulsory health-insurance program proposed by the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill. The contents are a compilation from medical journals, popular magazines, lectures, radio talks and other sources. The book is divided into approximately equal thirds, the first a general discussion of the problem of the distribution of medical care with notes on the various methods used in other countries, the second the views of those supporting the bill or other similar measures, and the third the position of the American Medical Association and other groups and individuals opposed to any radical departure from the present fee-for-service method. There is an extensive bibliography and affirmative and negative briefs for a debate on the desirability of medical care being provided by the federal government. The book is a handy compilation of both the facts and the distortions which have for so long been permitted to obscure them.

New Republic News

Memorandum to about seven million people (or it seems that many): as of this writing, Henry Wallace is not yet working in the *New Republic* office; the first issue under his editorship will be that of December 16. He is in the middle of a nationwide tour of speech making. We are not authorized to make engagements on his behalf to speak to the Women's Auxiliary of the Volunteer Fire Department of Whoozis, New Jersey. We don't know whether he wants or needs more life insurance or a thousand shares of stock in a new oil well in Texas only a hundred miles from a well which is already producing, or to buy an encyclopedia on the instalment plan. He will have to make his own arrangements about where he gets his hair cut, and how often. If you have a plan for saving the world by basing currency on potatoes or seashells, please wait until he is here to take the message personally. In other words: DON'T CALL UP.

• • •

Memorandum to the National Citizens' Political Action Committee: Your Manual of Practical Political Action: Organization —Personnel—Finance—Research—Publicity—Advertising—Issues, has been received and contents noted. If you do another one, please arrange so that the *New Republic* copy does not arrive in the middle of a busy working day. So many people clustered admiringly around your Manual that the office schedule got pretty completely fouled up.

Memorandum to a flock of radio and newspaper gossipers: We are getting dizzy trying to keep track of the various "inside stories" on how much salary Henry Wallace is to receive. Drew Pearson said it was $75,000. Walter Winchell said it was just enough to cover his expenses. Leonard Lyons said it was a cabinet member's salary, with a guarantee that if those salaries go up, Mr. Wallace's remuneration will do the same. We hasten to assure everybody that the correct figure is somewhere between $75,000, and just enough to cover expenses.

• • •

Robert Osborn, who did the illustrations for Arthur Kallet's article on page 581, is the originator of the "Dilbert" cartoons, used during the war by the Naval Air Corps.

Harry Levin is an associate professor of English Literature at Harvard. His most recent work is a critical study of Stendhal, published in the magazine *Pharos*, distributed by New Directions.

Archibald MacLeish was formerly Librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State.

James T. Farrell's most recent book is *Bernard Clare*, published last spring by Vanguard. A collection of his short stories, *When Boyhood Dreams Come True*, will be published later this month.

Bucklin Moon is an editor of Doubleday and Company and the author of *The Darker Brother*. He edited *Primer for White Folks*, an anthology about Negroes, and is now working on a novel.

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AMERICANS—
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TO THE AMERICAN DELEGATION
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DELEGATES:

Today, when you and your colleagues of fifty other nations gather, you will constitute the collective conscience of mankind. Particularly the hope of the world rests with the American delegation. For the men and women of this delegation are of all faiths, politically representative, a cross-section of our democracy.

It seems that Americans always appear a little foolish when they try to talk pompous diplomacy—especially with a British accent. Striped-pants language isn't very becoming to us. The 130,000 members of the American League for a Free Palestine, along with millions of our fellow citizens, look to you, the American Delegation, to voice the initiative and spirit of America.

There is one nation, a pauper in worldly wealth, as rich as any in spirit and genius, whose name will not be uttered when the roll is called at the General Assembly of the United Nations. The Hebrew Nation—first to contest the Axis, first in casualties, and seventh in troops fighting the Axis. The Hebrews have no representation in your Assembly.

When we say Hebrews are not represented, we do not refer to those Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, etc., who are Jews and who participate in the normal political life of their country. We refer to those with no allegiance to any but the Hebrew Nation, to those in Europe who are displaced and stateless, exiled from Palestine by force, and to those who dwell in Palestine and love that land as dearly as we love ours. We refer to those Hebrews who were attacked as a people, who defended themselves as a people, and who survived, however decimated, as a heroic and determined nation.

Today there exists a conflict between this Hebrew Nation and the British Empire. The Hebrews are, at long last, returning to Palestine. A foreign navy prevents them from going home; thousands, upon reaching home, are kidnaped and transported to concentration camps.

This letter is not to serve as an indictment of Great Britain. Britain is well represented in the Assembly. Hebrews have a right to be heard as well as Englishmen.

A people is being oppressed. Thousands are locked up with their murderers in Europe. Other thousands are now held in concentration camps as if they were our enemies instead of our first and most generous ally. They are brutally punished when they set foot on their native soil. Their books are being burned in Palestine.

If the Collective will of the Assembly is that the current barbarism in Palestine must cease, then no empire, however strong, will flout your will. Though the world fails to realize it, the fate of the Hebrew has long been the barometer of civilization. The issue of Hebrew freedom and survival is probably the oldest unfinished business in history. It deserves the top line on the agenda of the United Nations. It is up to the American Delegation to put it there.

GUY M. GILLETTE

October 23, 1946
(Excerpts from a letter sent to the American Delegation)

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